

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,994, Vol. 77.

January 13, 1894.

Registered for
Transmission abroad.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS.

LEADING ARTICLES—

Chronicle	29
The Compromise	32
The Affair at Warina.....	32
Shocking Case of Plagiarism.....	33
The Spectre of the Rigi	34
The Reasonableness of Cecil Rhodes	35
A Victim of Slang	35
French Justice and English Twaddle	36

MISCELLANEOUS—

Jókai Mór	37
The Frenchman who Cooks	38
Money Matters	39
Pictures	40
Quito	41
Twelfth Night	42

REVIEWS—

The Ministers of Europe and America	42
Novels	43

The New History of the Báb	44
Three Fairy Books	46
The Dream of Poliphilus	47
Two Volumes of Recollections	48
The Complete Angler.....	49
Athletics in Italy	49
Dod and Debrett	50
The Aldine Herrick	50
French Literature	51
New Books and Reprints	52

ADVERTISEMENTS 53-60

CHRONICLE.

In Parliament.

THE proceedings of the House of Commons yesterday week were opened by a concession on the part of the Government to the Labour members in the Eight Hours direction, which at once betrayed the desperate straits to which Mr. GLADSTONE is reduced, and the indirectness which characterizes any policy conducted by him. Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, by evident arrangement with Mr. BURNS, announced that an eight hours day or forty-eight hours week would be arranged at Woolwich without any diminution of wages. Now is it or is it not the case that work at Woolwich is to a great extent piecework—in other words, work which may be delayed to the national disadvantage, but cannot be enhanced in price by a change of this kind? When the Parish Councils Bill was resumed, Mr. FOWLER announced the decision of the Government as to the time at which it was to come into operation. This was fixed at November 8 or later—a date which at once denounces the tactics which have been pursued to get the measure through. Some of the new and postponed clauses were then tackled, and the House adjourned.

No information supplementary to that of the newspapers being obtainable about the disaster behind Sierra Leone, the Parish Councils Bill Committee was resumed on *Monday* pretty early. On the allotments clause Mr. CHANNING and Mr. CHAPLIN complained from opposite sides and in opposite senses; but there was less interest in their complaints than in the line of defence taken by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. JOSEPH ARCH, both of whom contended that the labourer would much rather hire than buy land. So then the wicked landlord is a necessary evil after all. There were various amendments, which were mostly rejected or withdrawn.

At last on *Tuesday* the Committee stage of the Parish Councils Bill was finished, and the Bill was reported. This had been preceded by a very sharp fight on the determination, even as modified, of the Government to grab parish rooms, and their majority, which has ruled latterly at over 50, sank to 28—so that the duty of the House of Lords is clearly marked here. The Radicals had been almost as much excited over the Allotments Clause, Mr. CHANNING and his friends being apparently inconsolable that they should not be allowed to pick a potato patch for a labourer out of his

landlord's best old pasture, break it up, and hand it back to the landlord spoilt for the next thirty years at least. But Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, appearing in the unwonted character of oil-bearer, produced a partial appeasement by suggesting that the landlord might, if he chose, authorize such proceedings. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL caused the profane to chuckle by observing, on a clause enfranchising women, "who, if they were men," would have a vote, that he had not the slightest objection to women having votes "if they were men," but that this was just what they were not. Earlier at question-time Sir JOHN RIGBY had pointed out, as we pointed out last week, that no British subject can acquire proprietary rights by conquest.

If a very large number of Gladstonians had not been, to speak figuratively, christened in the united parishes of St. Ananias Without and St. Sapphira Within, *Wednesday's* debate on the Lords' amendments to the Scotch Sea Fisheries Bill might have made them confess the utter dishonesty of their reflections on the House of Lords. For it now appeared beyond question that the Upper House had merely given effect to the wishes of a strong body of Scotch opinion, including not a few fervent Gladstonians. The matter, however, was not concluded, but adjourned for a month that the long-expected Featherstone debate might come off on a motion of Mr. AUSTIN's for compensation to the injured and the families of the killed. At the end Mr. ASQUITH summed up with a speech—a little trimming, perhaps, but not entirely objectionable—pointing out that there was no legal claim whatever, but that, perhaps, a "compassionate" allowance might be made. It was pertinently asked from the other side whether any compassionate allowance was to be made to the stoned soldiers; and, indeed, it seems anything but good policy to introduce a new system of State insurance, under which men have only to resist the QUEEN's soldiers, threaten and destroy the property of the QUEEN's lieges, or even refuse to disperse when the QUEEN's representatives bid them, in order to secure a provision for their families. The incident, however, of the debate was the speech of Mr. JOHN BURNS, who spoke with "characteristic intrepidity," as the *Daily News* says. ("Characteristic intrepidity" is really very light and good.) Mr. BURNS observed that his political opponents "encouraged racing and the vicious side of footballing for political and other reasons," remarked convincingly

that "the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF was at Doncaster races," and said that "there was growing up in the country "a body of men who, for their own selfish purposes " . . . would cause strikes and industrial difficulties." It is impossible to express the fervour with which we indorse this last statement of Mr. JOHN BURNS.

The debate on *Thursday* on the Report Stage of the Parish Councils Bill was chiefly noteworthy for an attempt of Mr. COURTNEY's to introduce proportional representation, and for another (a very impudent one) on the Radical side to break the compromise, and introduce an entirely new bone of contention by giving "parish "meetings" the force of Councils. Both were defeated.

Politics out of Parliament. It was said this day week that the Government had conceded to the navy scare four first-class battle-ships—costing a million apiece; a dozen torpedo-catchers, and a few other things. The Horncastle election fight was going on at the end of last week under unusual difficulties owing to the extreme severity of the weather. The nomination took place on Saturday. An appointment of Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN's to the Chair of Midwifery at Glasgow was loudly denounced as a political job; but it is fair to say that this was not the universal view even of Unionists.

Great interest was given to the out-of-door politics of Tuesday morning's newspapers by a letter from Mr. BALFOUR, partly in answer to an earlier one of Lord GREY's criticizing unfavourably the arrangement on the Parish Councils Bill. We discuss this fully elsewhere; but it may be said here that the point of the letter lay in the clear and formal denial that the Opposition had given any undertaking, understanding, or consideration for the Government concessions, save the engagement not to prolong the discussion of the Bill in the Lower House beyond the 20th inst. It was said that five, not four, new *Victorias* and *Resolutions* were to be added to the strength of the British navy. Two lectures of considerable importance, and at least semi-political interest, were given on Monday, by Mr. GEORGE KENNAN on the status of Siberian exiles (in a tone very unfavourable towards Russia), and by Mr. COLQUHOUN on Zambesia. We have no objection to Mr. COLQUHOUN, who has done yeoman's work for the extension of the English Empire in more than one part of the world.

It appeared in the papers of Wednesday that Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL had described bimetalism as a "mischievous heresy," improving recent events in America. Mr. FORWOOD at Liverpool praised the *Resolution*, and wished for more of her. A Gladstonian meeting had been held at York, and in the Horncastle election Gladstonians were very indignant at the activity of the Ulster delegates. This from persons who flooded certain counties not long ago with "Home Rule vans" carrying imaginative representations of evictions, and so forth, is excellent.

On Wednesday Mr. MUNDELLA received a very strong deputation, who protested against the closing of the Thames and Severn Canal by the Great Western Railway Company.

The Horncastle election came off duly on Thursday with a heavy poll; but, the district being scattered, the result was not announced till the middle of yesterday.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. The most serious item of news last week was the announcement of a collision between English and French troops at the back of Sierra Leone. The circumstances were very imperfectly explained; but the result was the killing of three English officers, the killing and wounding of some twenty or thirty of our men, and the capture of a French officer. It was put upon a mistake, and the fact that

both English and French were in chase of one of the lieutenants of the great chief SAMORY, whom, after failing to support him against France, we now have on our own hands. In the present state of French feeling towards England the thing may not be indifferent.—It was asserted from South Africa that LOBENGULA had settled down, which, if it be the fact, is a strong card in the hands of anybody who knows how to play it. Lord RIPON is not likely to know of his own motion; but he may have prompters who do. In France, Germany, and Italy the news was of a more or less domestic kind, but of that kind which shows that "the "dog has been allowed to eat leather." Hungary had been happy over the jubilee of MAURICE JOKAI, and in Greece M. TRICOUPI had receded a little from his attitude of frank repudiation.

By Monday morning pretty full details, though as yet from the English side only, had been received of the extraordinary affair at Warina in the Hinterland of Sierra Leone. The attack had, it seems, been made by a certain Lieutenant MARITZ with thirty Senegal *tirailleurs* and 1,200 natives under the impression that the English troops were Sofas. It was successfully repulsed, with a greater loss in killed on the French side, Lieutenant MARITZ, who was brought in and attended to by the English, living long enough to explain his mistake. How this mistake came to be possible is still not very clear, while some explanation seems to be still needed to show how a British camp could be surprised in such a fashion, and how the fire came to be so disproportionately deadly to officers. The French comments were comparatively free from ungraciousness, considering that they were French.—From the south of this troublesome continent came news of the great Cape Town dinner, at which the horns of Rhodesland were blowing, blowing, blowing. The great man had made a speech, somewhat modest for him, though it would have been a prodigy of arrogance for another. We are, moreover, glad to see that it has provoked the *Times* into adopting a tone very different from that which for some time past has astonished the readers of that responsible paper in reference to the Chartered Company. The enthusiastic Rhodesian, however, who writes the *Times* Colony articles was still describing Major FORBES's expedition as "brilliant," what time the telegraphic columns of his own paper showed that an inquiry was being held into its "failure," and that evidence had been given showing that "the column had escaped by the merest chance." LOBENGULA was now supposed to be on the banks of the Zambesi, with some two thousand young warriors. Egyptian news was indistinct, but rather pessimist.—In India the Roman Catholic Archbishop GOETHALS had followed the example of the Anglican hierarchy in repudiating the anti-Opiumites, who were raging accordingly at both Churches. Before the Commission itself they were adopting the rather desperate line of trying to prove that the ryots do not like to cultivate the poppy, and are forced to do so by the wicked officials. One generally knows what to think of a party which is driven to such shifts as this.—Brazilian news was a shade more unfavourable to the insurgents, the division of whose naval forces seemed to have done them no good. In Europe the French Senatorial elections were going well for the Republic, with whom LEO XIII. was once more unequally yoking himself; the Angoulême verdict had excited less wrath than might have been expected in Italy, where, perhaps, the Sicilian troubles and a little "red" rioting in Rome absorbed attention; and the German Conservatives had remonstrated with Count VON CAPRIVI on the recent tariff treaties. Financial discomfort was still widespread. There was great dissatisfaction in the United States with the action, or rather apathy, of the Democratic

party in regard to the crisis. In Greece M. TRICOUPIS was suspected of having understated his estimates in order to play the obvious trick of giving a little larger composition than he had at first offered; and in Sicily General DI LAVRIANO had resorted to a two months' moratorium on bills and cheques—a device always dangerous, but perhaps less so in such an unbusiness-like place as Sicily than elsewhere.

On Tuesday morning the French were reported as still without news from Warina, but as trying to chicane on the "British territory" line. To those who know the history of the West African question, it was certain that they would do this. The omission to clear them out of these parts and others in 1815 was one of the innumerable generous blunders of the "grasping and perfidious corsairs" who are well known (in Paris) to direct the politics of this island. Frenchmen have many merits, but that of being good neighbours is not one of them. There was much talk over the defeat of M. WADDINGTON, who was one of the unlucky ones in the Senatorial elections. General DI LAVRIANO had proclaimed martial law all over Sicily. The truant Democratic members of Congress having been freely "arrested" by the Serjeant-at-Arms, the Tariff Bill was at last introduced; Sir HENRY LOCH had sent a despatch giving up all hope of Captain WILSON; and there was rumour that another party, this time of Bechuanaland police, had been cut off near Inyati. LEWANIKI, the Barotse King, who is the most powerful chief on the north bank of the Zambesi, and has had many brushes with the Matabele, was occupying his bank in force against them.

On Wednesday morning the reports of disaster to the police near Inyati, and of a concentration of LOBENGULA's forces, were repeated. There were some details of petty German troubles in Africa; but it seemed that the Italian success over the Dervishes between Massowah and Kassala had been even greater than was previously reported. At home the Italians were still troubled with riots in the province of Bari (always a troublesome district), at Barletta, in Sicily, and elsewhere. In Germany the Grand Duke of HESSE had been formally betrothed to his cousin, Princess VICTORIA MELITA, second daughter of the Duke of EDINBURGH. The everlasting BISMARCK-ARNIM matter had cropped up again. From Egypt news came that the Powers had agreed to a five years' extension of the Mixed Tribunals. The situation in Hawaii was curious. "President" DOLE, who is President by the grace of American Marines, had refused to demit or submit at the bidding of his brother "President" CLEVELAND, though the QUEEN had at last agreed to an amnesty. A force, it was said, had been landed from H.M.S. *Champion* for the protection of the British Legation. But this was subsequently denied, and we have taken the American interference in the Sandwich Islands too meekly to make it probable.

On Thursday morning we learnt that VAILLANT had been tried and condemned to death. Sicily was quieter, but there were more troubles in the Bari district, and there had also been a riot at Prague. Indeed, it is quite time for the King of BOHEMIA to get his Seven Castles in a state of defence. There was more hope of the threatened post of Bechuana Police; but, as General MONEY, who has a son in danger, justly pointed out, the Chartered Company has been most remiss in sending intelligence. Indeed, it is not too much to say that it has sent none except to suit its own ends. An ounce or two of fact would have been worth a ton of Dr. JAMESON's and Mr. RHODES's braggings about the finishing of the war and the breaking of the Matabele power.

Yesterday's news was very slight, the sentence on VAILLANT and the Opium Commission furnishing the chief interest of it.

The Law Courts.

During the present week the Common Serjeant has been outraging the feelings of the New Radicals in the most heartless manner. On Tuesday he gave a person who excused himself for his peccadillos by urging the cruelty of society in not giving him a "living wage" twelve months and a short but pithy lecture on the idiotic character of that sacred phrase; while on Wednesday, having a pair of frequently convicted ruffians before him, he accompanied "seven years and the cat" with equally neat and pointed remarks on the folly of light sentences. —Mr. LABOUCHERE's charge of perjury against the ZIERENBERGS was heard at Bow Street on Wednesday, when also the HARNES defence began. —There was a curious shooting case on that same day in the Old Jewry, and between persons by their names apparently children of the Ghetto.

Football.

In a Rugby match at Birkenhead this day week between England and Wales, the Kingdom beat the Principality (which was victorious last year) by five goals to a try.

The Weather.

The news of the end of last week was ice, snow, and general misery. But it was comforting to know that by general consent, with scientific endorsement, Friday, the 5th of January, was one of the coldest days that this generation has known. They said it was zero at Tunbridge Wells, and Tunbridge Wells can certainly "do it" in point of cold when it chooses. Discomfort in too many cases passed into disaster, in drownings, deaths by exposure, and explosion of boilers. At last on Monday the frost broke. The thaw continued steadily on Tuesday, and, though temperature was still low, very heavy rain washed away all the snow and most of the ice. Details of the extraordinary cold of last week continued to pour in, it being asserted that in Warwickshire 4° below zero, or 36° of frost, had been marked—a statement on which it would be interesting to have Mr. SYMONS's opinion.

Correspondence.

A rather interesting correspondence has gone on during the week in reference to the shooting of the Boers and the QUEEN's troops, it having been asserted that, contrary to the general notion, the former were, at least at long ranges, the inferiors of the latter. Experts, however, or even careful observers, must have anticipated the solution of the paradox—to wit, that long-range shooting, except in masses, is of extremely little value in fighting, and that the ability to take fatal snap-shots at short distance in a rough-and-tumble is quite a different thing from the ability to hit a mark (which "hasn't a pistol in its hand") at five, eight, or twelve hundred yards.

Miscellaneous.

On Tuesday Miss FLORA SHAW gave to a large and distinguished audience a lecture on Australian prospects ("she said outlook"—in Mr. Justice STARELEIGH's phrase; but we love not that word), which seems to have been very well received, and certainly showed much ability. The JOKAI festivities have been echoed in London.

The dulcet reason of certain Britons has seldom been better illustrated than by a little event of this week. The loving cup of the Corporation of Kidderminster is believed to be a chalice, which has made some persons unwilling to put it to secular use. Whereupon Lord DUDLEY very good-naturedly offered the Corporation a new cup, on the condition that the old one, though of course remaining municipal property, should not be treated as BELSHAZZAR treated the vessels of the Temple. And certain Town Councillors wished to refuse the gift!—A startling addition to the Clubs of the capital is announced under the title of a "Viking Club." The objects are not stated; but it is to be hoped that Mr. YORK POWELL and his friends will not go baresark, or perform the interesting

operation of carving the blood-eagle even upon one another.

Obituary. Bishop HILL, of Western Equatorial Africa, the successor of the famous "black bishop" CROWTHER, had not long taken a most laborious bishopric, and is a great loss to it.—Professor FORCHHAMMER, as a Danish-German archaeologist of ninety years, was perhaps the *doyen* of his subject, and had for more than half a century been one of the greatest authorities in it.—Mr. BUCKLER, who has passed his hundredth year, was probably the oldest architect in the kingdom. He was an early convert to the Gothic creed, and did a good deal of work fifty or sixty years ago—indeed, till recently. He nearly obtained the greatest architectural prize of this century, the commission for the new Houses of Parliament; but of his actual work the best known, perhaps, was the restoration of St. Mary's at Oxford, which was far from unsuccessful, for all the stir that has lately been made about doing it over again.—The death of Mrs. THACKERAY at the age of seventy-five (her husband, had he lived, would have been but seven years older) puts an end to a long and sad history, of which a famous stanza in "The Ballad of Bouillabaisse" is the fittest and the most touching record.

THE COMPROMISE.

THE letter which Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR wrote to the *Times* last Monday, and which appeared in that paper next morning, is likely to take rank among a not very large number of similar explanations by Leaders of Parties. It has interest of more than one kind, and we might treat it as a document in the general history of these understandings or compromises, which, though of course they have always existed in one form or another, have become a much more favourite and direct means of dealing with political questions of late. Or we might especially attend to the passage in which Mr. BALFOUR champions against Lord GREY the practice of moving amendments to objectionable provisions without any intention of implying that the objections to the provisions are removable. But to deal with these in connexion with the more immediate bearing of the letter would overload a single article. We may however, in passing, observe that, though Mr. BALFOUR is undoubtedly right in declaring that Lord GREY's principle is, as it stands and in strictness, "an absolute innovation on "party practice," there might be some colour for the argument that the practice at which it is aimed has been very much extended of late.

The chief interest of the moment, however, is in learning exactly what it was that the Opposition leader gave in return for the concessions, such as they were, in regard to non-elected Guardians, to the modification of the Allotments scheme, and to the very partial exemption of Parish Rooms from the clutches of the Councils. For it is notorious that many Radicals have affected to take this counter-concession, whatever it was, as a complete "Tory retreat," and that not a few of them have affected to regard the compromise as barring not merely resistance *à outrance* in the Commons, but any attempt at introducing important amendments in the House of Lords. It will be observed that Mr. BALFOUR's account of the matter disposes ruthlessly of these flattering assumptions. The compromise, he says, left the action of the Unionist party both in the House of Commons and the House of Lords absolutely unfettered, excepting only in this one particular, that they were pledged to permit the Bill to leave the Lower House before the 20th of January. That is to say, it imposed only this pledge

on the House of Commons, and it imposed upon the House of Lords no pledge at all.

Certainly, it may be contended that no condition or consideration could be much slighter than this, which simply bound the Opposition to let through in three weeks of as severe discussion as they chose to give what it was sufficiently notorious would be forced through somehow or other. The inhuman—or superhuman—complaisance of the Gladstonian items being an ascertained fact, the Opposition not having chosen to muster even in proportionate numbers against them, and the Irish Nationalists being only too happy to have warmth and shelter provided—free of expense and at a distance from their constituents—at Westminster, the getting through somehow, if only by gag and guillotine, of the Bill was a matter of course. This arrangement, Mr. BALFOUR might say, gave at the least time for discussion, gave at the worst slightly bettered terms, and did not infringe the liberty of the Lords in any respect.

All this is certainly true, and yet probably many readers reflected as they read that Lord GREY need be at no loss for a rejoinder if he felt inclined to make one—as he has, indeed, since done. In the first place, it is pretty certain that the gagging and guillotining in the Home Rule case did the Government no good, and immensely strengthened the hands of the House of Lords. That advantage is surrendered by this compromise, which at the same time throws more work on hands now weakened. In the second place it is inevitable that an arrangement of this kind should blunt the desire for real battle. An hour's fight by Shrewsbury clock is a very respectable contest; but if it is arranged beforehand that when the hour strikes one side is to give in, it is unlikely that any prodigious valour will be shown by the combatants or any intense interest taken by the spectators. As a matter of fact, the rushing of clauses through last week, and in particular the almost undebated acceptance of the provisions by which the whole of London Poor Law relief is flung into the power of mere numbers to vote and bestow, may be "for thoughts" to some. And, lastly, it cannot be denied that an arrangement of this kind is worth far more to a Government than the ostensible gain by and from it. It will scarcely be denied that, while well-informed persons may never have believed the rumours of imminent dissolution which were spread at the end of the old year, these rumours were widely prevalent, and of themselves indicated a notion, not merely among Unionists, that the Government was at its wits' end. It will scarcely be denied either that the new year had barely opened before nobody was found expecting a dissolution at all for an indefinite period. And, whatever construction may be put upon these two phenomena, they can hardly be interpreted save as meaning at least a respite for the Government. That correspondent of the *Times* who announced that but for Mr. BALFOUR's explanation he should have abstained from voting at Horncastle expresses a feeling which is in all probability a very common one.

THE AFFAIR AT WARINA.

IF we had been told a month ago that the news of a collision between French and English forces, near a colonial border, would be received in both countries with calm, we should have thought it very unlikely. Yet this is what has happened. There has been a sharp brush between French forces from Senegal and English from Sierra Leone, somewhere in the country behind this latter, and lives have been lost. There is, however, no sign of any such feeling of anger on either side, as threatens to breed a quarrel out of what both are prepared to treat—or so it seems—as a mere untoward incident. It is possible that the equality of

loss has something to do with this rather unexpected, and certainly fortunate, show of equanimity. If we have lost more officers, the French commander has been killed, and his men defeated. Each side has something to regret, and neither, as far as we can yet see, anything to boast of.

The extreme obscurity of the incident may also have its share in persuading both sides to suspend judgment. Nothing is as yet really known except the bare facts of the collision and the loss of life. How the forces came to run against one another at all, and how the shock took place in the circumstances reported by Colonel ELLIS, are alike questions to which no satisfactory answers can be given. We are prepared to waive for the present the inquiry what Lieutenant MARITZ was doing at all on what seems to be clearly the English side of the line of demarcation between the two "spheres of influence." This will have to be cleared up; but we will allow that there may be a reasonable doubt as to whether the French officer was trespassing. We will even, though, considering the punctiliousness of the French in such matters, it is a considerable concession, allow that, if Lieutenant MARITZ did go a little too far in pursuit of the common enemy, it may have been a mere display of zeal which might be overlooked. But even so, it is very difficult to understand both how he came to be ignorant of the neighbourhood of an English force, and how he mistook Colonel ELLIS's command, when he did run across it, for the Sofa brigands. We have his assurance, given when he was dying in our camp, that he was ignorant, and that he did make this mistake. But it was a very strange ignorance, and a very extraordinary mistake. We cannot know what information the French Government has sent to its officers on the frontier; but the fact that Colonel ELLIS had been sent up-country to act against SAMORY's men was most assuredly known in Paris. Then, too, our force had been for some little time in the district, and had been, it is said, engaged with the Sofas. Even in the African bush some knowledge of this must have spread, and ought surely to have reached Lieutenant MARITZ. Then as regards the actual conflict we are told that the French officer excused his error on the ground that the white campaigning-dress of our officers was mistaken for the robes of the so-called Arab leaders of the Sofas. The blunder was a strange one in any case; but what makes it even more strange is that, if Lieutenant MARITZ's scouts were near enough to see the uniforms of the officers, they might quite well have seen the dress of the men of the West Indian Regiment. The only possible explanation is one which is not creditable to the memory of that officer. He may have trusted entirely to native scouts, and have been misled by them expressly, or through mere incompetence. By far the greater part of his force consisted of savage allies, who are, on various grounds, untrustworthy, and may even have manoeuvred to bring about a collision between the white men, whom they probably regard with impartial detestation. To some extent these considerations apply to both sides, for it is also curious that Colonel ELLIS should have been, as we gather was the case, entirely unaware of the neighbourhood of Lieutenant MARITZ.

It is, in fact, impossible to read the reports received up till now without coming to the conclusion that there is a great deal more to know, concerning which we may, or may not, receive in time full information. We do not for a moment suggest that Colonel ELLIS—whose candour and fairness are not denied by the better kind of French papers—is guilty of concealment. But it is possible that he has, judiciously enough, elected to stick steadily to the mere facts of the collision, and to say nothing of other matters which may have had a very important share in bringing

about this "untoward incident." It is known that for some time past French officers in the Soudan have felt, or have affected, great indignation at the alleged supply of arms to SAMORY by English traders in Sierra Leone. It is also sufficiently notorious that French officers on colonial frontiers have been taught by precept and example that a great deal will be forgiven in consideration of a display of energy in extending the legitimate influence of France. There is at least a possibility that the French officers who, under Colonel ARCHINARD's command, have lately been overrunning the Soudan in the direction of our colony, and who are under by no means strict control from Paris, may have been disposed to do something equivalent to the forcing of the entry to the Meinam. In that case it may also have happened that English officers on the spot, while keeping severely within the limits of their duty, may not have felt bound "officially to strive" to baulk them of their chance.

SHOCKING CASE OF PLAGIARISM.

IT is with real grief and in obedience to a sense of duty alone that we have to point out a painful case of literary plagiarism. The culprits (for there are two) bear the hitherto respected names of Mr. WALTER BESANT and Mr. W. H. POLLOCK. In committing a larceny when the *literary property* lay in Pulo Penang, and the original owner of the idea was a poor Chinese woman deceased, they doubtless expected to escape detection. But the eye of justice is not easily deceived.

The circumstances must be stated without partiality. Messrs. BESANT and POLLOCK produced as an original work a tale called *Sir Jocelyn's Cap*. The *motif* was as old as time, but on that we would not bear hardly. Sir JOCELYN inherits a Wishing Cap; but it is nearly worn out, and his wishes are fulfilled in an inadequate measure. He asks for money, and the Cap produces a trifling sum in small change, which later turns out to have been stolen (like the idea itself) from a poor woman, Sir JOCELYN's landlady. We make no doubt that this notion, which struck many readers as original, was the *point de repère*, the peg on which the whole fable is hung. It had not previously occurred to us that the money obtained by Wishing Caps, or found in Fortunatus's Purse, must have come from somewhere, and must have been stolen from some original owner. Nor, doubtless, would this fancy have dawned on the brains of either criminal if one, or both of them, had not discovered it in a place where few would look for such materials. The source, the unacknowledged source, is the statement of an eyewitness of the incident—namely, the Père ALERAND, one of the directors of the central establishment of the French Foreign Mission to the Heathen. The good Father published his statement in 1854 (some thirty years before *Sir Jocelyn's Cap* was written) in a French weekly periodical.

In Pulo Penang there was a Chinese woman, an apostate from Christianity. She cherished a special spite against another Chinese woman, a Christian, and often announced that, after her own decease, she would torment this victim. On the very day of the apostate's death, her spectre climbed on to a balcony, and threw the poor woman, her enemy, down. She was much injured, and became delirious. As a mere matter of fact, we conceive it to be probable that she was delirious before she fell off the balcony; but we must let the Father tell his story in his own way, without vouching for the accuracy of his narrative. During the illness of the woman, whom we shall call Madame WANG, her furniture walked about the house, tables and chairs wildly joined

the dance, and stones were thrown by an unknown hand into Madame WANG's bedroom. The furniture was removed (its antics disturbing the patient), and shutters were put up to very little purpose. Finally, Madame WANG was taken into another room, and the Père ALBRAND was sent for, as exorcist. Accompanied by another priest and a catechist, he first viewed the scene of destruction. Tiles and plaster fell around them, though the roof was sound enough. At this moment the catechist exclaimed, "If the Devil would only throw money instead of stones, there would be some use in it." "He had scarcely uttered the words when eight or ten pieces of the coinage of the country, all of them wet, fell and rattled at our feet. Sufficiently enlightened as to the origin of these phenomena, we were about to begin the Exorcisms of the Church when we were told that the unfortunate patient had succumbed. On leaving the scene of these melancholy trials (*cette maison si cruellement éprouvée*), we met a water-seller desolated (*désolé*) by the loss of the money which he had taken during the day. This money he had deposited at the bottom of one of his water-cans, and it had disappeared, nor could he account for the theft. The catechist asked him how many coins there were, and of what sort, and his answer exactly corresponded to the pieces of money which fell in the devastated room. There the porter found them all, in the room which we had just quitted. On the death of Madame WANG the disturbances ceased, and Exorcisms were unnecessary."

Here, then, we have the Djin, or spirit, fabled to inhabit the Wishing Cap, providing—in response to a demand—ready money, indeed, but not much of it, and not honestly come by. This is the *grund-begriff* of Sir Jocelyn's Cap, itself obviously founded on this unusual incident in private life. It is vain for the authors to say that fact has plagiarized from fiction, for the fact came first, by thirty or forty years. They may be expected to allege that they never even heard of the Père ALBRAND, just as a contemporary novelist vows that he has never read *La Dame de Monsoreau*. But we should be unworthy of our post as guardians of literary morality if we believed what authors are in the habit of saying on occasions of which this very melancholy instance of depravity is a type. Perhaps we should name our source of information; it is *La Table Parlante* (vol. i. pp. 314-316. Paris. 1854).

THE SPECTRE OF THE RIGI.

A CURIOUS phenomenon is occasionally observed by travellers in Switzerland. It is known as the Spectre of the Rigi. Under certain atmospheric conditions, a gigantic human figure is visible upon the clouds at the back of the mountain, on the summit of which its feet seem to rest. It is the reflection of the body of some tourist, or guide, or other dweller on the heights who, by accident or by design, has placed himself in a suitable position. It is interesting to believe that a great English statesman may have before now played the part of the Spectre of the Rigi. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, as we learn from his speech on Monday in the House of Commons, is in the habit of ascending that mountain—we presume by train, not bearing any banner of strange device, nor bent on perishing 'mid the snow and ice, but in order to meditate on the problems of rural economy. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has the art of giving a flavour of personal interest to his contributions to politics. He has shown the world glimpses of himself in various attitudes and relations, cultivating his own fireside in the country and his dinner-table in town, or watching gun in hand for the hares which he suspects of designs on his carnations.

And now we have him on the Rigi in a more sublime posture, which, if it does not recall MOSES on Mount Nebo, or NAPOLEON on the Alps, may at least remind us of the late Mr. ALBERT SMITH.

While the crowds of COOK's tourists make the ascent of the Rigi to eat, drink, and be merry over-night, and to stare at the sunrise next morning, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, who, if he be with them, is not of them, remains apart brooding over economic problems. He has depicted himself standing on the top of the mountain, not gazing on the rising sun, which he has opportunities of worshipping at home; but on the pastures of the slopes, and the orchards and cornfields of the valleys and plains beneath him, and thinking, while he throws a more gigantic shadow than usual of the Spectre of the Rigi, on the merits of the small allotment system. As he beholds, with astonishment and admiration, the crowds of populous and prosperous villages, he is impressed with the superiority of the system of hiring land to that of owning it. We do not object to Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's introducing the Spectre of the Rigi into the House of Commons to support Mr. FOWLER's amendments to the Ninth Clause of the Parish Councils Bill. But we very much doubt whether the Spectre is well informed in appealing to Swiss precedents in support of the system of hiring small allotments in preference to purchasing them out-and-out. The great bulk of the land of Switzerland is held in freehold, and, though considerable portions of pasture and forest belong to the respective communes, the prevalent system is not one of tenancy. Each inhabitant of the district is entitled to his share of the common lands at no rent at all, or at a very small one. "The inhabitants," says Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, "have the credit and advantage of the communal authority"—for borrowing at low interest, we presume, in the money markets of Europe—"and that is the source, I believe, of their prosperity." What the analogy is between the payment of a fair rent for the whole of their land by the tenants of the Parish Council and of a nominal rent for a small portion of it by the Swiss peasants, we fail to see. The Swiss peasants, moreover, give their whole time and strength to the land. The English labourers will only be able to give a fragment of theirs. The Swiss farmers not only grow their own food, but weave and spin their own wool and flax and hemp into clothes for themselves and their families. In the winter they pursue various industries—wood-carving, clock-making, and other arts. Systematic emigration, as the mercenaries of Europe in earlier times, and as the practitioners of certain minor industries in which nearly every canton has its speciality, has kept the population of the country within the limits which it is capable of supporting. Each commune, moreover, exercises a certain superintendence over its population, and judiciously weeds out its superfluous members, who are paid to take themselves off to other districts. None of these conditions applies to England. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT spoke of the law of ELIZABETH, by which no one was allowed to build a cottage without annexing to it four acres of land—a regulation which may, as Mr. GIBSON BOWLES suggested, have been intended rather to prevent the building of cottages than to encourage allotments. But the English peasant under the TUDOR times, like the Swiss peasant of to-day, fed and clothed himself, and scarcely used or saw money. There was no desire, says Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, to get rid of the labourer. Very much the contrary, indeed. There was such a desire to retain him that, if he strayed from his own parish, he was brought back with some violence, after whippings and detentions in the stocks, and an occasional mutilation or so. Whatever the excellence of this state of things, it is not that towards which the Parish Councils Bill makes any return; and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's

appeal to it is irrelevant. The remarkable thing about his argument and that of Mr. ARCH in favour of the hiring of land, as opposed to its purchase, is the tribute which it pays to the tyrant landlord, of whom there is a marked unwillingness to get rid.

THE REASONABLENESS OF CECIL RHODES.

IT is sincerely to be hoped that the Crown of England is as grateful as an abstraction can be expected to be for the loyalty and moderation of Mr. CECIL RHODES. Entertained this day week at a banquet (at which, by the way, colonels and admirals appear to have been present), this remarkable man was pleased to speak of the institution of Royalty, or the English control which is connected with that institution, or, in short, of whatsoever idea or bundle of ideas may be selected as represented by "the Crown." Mr. RHODES did not bear too hardly on that effete circle. "He had no objection to the Crown, if the Crown would recognize its duties to the colonies. Otherwise the colonies might deal elsewhere"—the latter, be it observed, a fine contemptuous hit at aristocratic and patriotic rubbish, and a sort of reminder, in the JOSIAH BOUNDERBY vein, that Mr. CECIL RHODES is a plain man of business, and will talk no nonsense.

We should not pay Mr. RHODES the compliment of commenting on this language—which we believe some of his friends asserted to be merely talk to the Afrikaner gallery—if we were not, from long observation of South African affairs, afraid that Englishmen even yet fail to appreciate the sentiments and circumstances of a very important and a terribly mismanaged part of the poor "Crown's" dominions. For a great many years we went on fretting the colonists generally, and the Dutch colonists specially, by alternate fits of petting the natives, fighting them down, and letting the whole thing slide. At last, when the annexation of the Transvaal had given us an opportunity of holding the whole country, with a strong hand, in the English interest, the criminal ignorance, or even more criminal party spite and party truckling, of Mr. GLADSTONE blighted the growth of loyalty to England, without in the least conciliating the Dutch. We hope that there are some real loyalists in the Cape Colony now; but we are by no means sure of it.

As for Mr. RHODES, nobody doubts his cleverness, and probably nobody has ever "run" apparently dissimilar enterprises together quite so ingeniously as he has. To be the at least nominally constitutional Prime Minister of the Crown in a very important dependency; to be the commercial head of a great syndicate, or group of syndicates, dealing with diamonds, gold, land, and what not; and to be the practical dictator of a wholly unique *imperium in imperio*, where you can levy armies, order invasions, and so forth, paying the cost thereof by ingenious financial operations in your mercantile capacity, and preventing interference therewith by using your influence as Prime Minister—is an instance of "trigeminal" capacity with which CERBERUS and GERYON are not "in it." But that it is not a wholesome state of affairs any one may see, even though he does not, with Mr. LABOUCHERE, think the British South Africa Company a set of indescribables who commit wholesale murder with their right hands and conduct rotten finance with their left.

Awkward, however, as the situation is, it is not a hopeless one; and a Colonial Office—presided over by some one with rather more than the brains of a rabbit or a RIFON, and supported by a PRIME MINISTER who thought sometimes of his country, and not, firstly, secondly, thirdly, and, to conclude, of himself—might make something of it. A tripod is a fairly stable arrangement,

but not eminently so, especially when its legs are respectively the personal and Parliamentary popularity of a colonial statesman; the success of very complicated financial operations; and the good humour of a considerable number of impecunious *conquistadores*, who expect, for the most part, having gone out to Africa with a few pounds in their pocket, to be estated in Rhodesia as country gentlemen. It is to be observed also that the conquest, as conquests have a knack of doing, is getting into its second stage—a troublesome, sanguinary, expensive one, wholly vacant of the glorious gains of sitting in waggons behind barbed-wire fences and potting savages with Maxim guns. The almost certain loss of Captain WILSON's party—a loss which, bar miracles, has for weeks been a certainty—has been confessed; the Matabele seem to have wiped out another small police party near Inyati; and instead of the springs of LOBENGULA's power being wholly broken, and so forth, he is said to be at the head of two thousand good troops. No doubt LEWANIKA and his Barotse will, for their own sake, keep him on the south side of the Zambesi if possible. But it is not clear what advantage this will be to the Company. Of such a situation it should surely be possible to take advantage by playing the Imperial game a little more boldly than has hitherto been done—by proving that the Imperial Government, if it does not distribute diamonds and farms, is, at any rate, a sure stronghold, and by showing Mr. RHODES that it is worth his while to be what the Mayor of Cape Town, we hope truly, but certainly rather kindly, called him, "a good Briton."

A VICTIM OF SLANG.

IT has for some time been known to those whom it most nearly concerns, and is, we hope, gradually becoming apparent to the public at large, that Sir JAMES FORREST FULTON, the Common Serjeant of the City of London, is a good judge as well as a sensible man. Also, it is almost impossible to be good-natured to undeserving people without finding the reward of virtue a decidedly minus quantity. Which reflections may at first sight appear to be disjointed; but they are, in fact, both suggested by the report of the case of *THE QUEEN* against JOHN RICHARDSON, which was tried this week at the Old Bailey.

RICHARDSON was described as "a traveller," was said to be fifty-three years old, and pleaded Guilty to indictments which charged him with forging the endorsements of cheques and with embezzlement. The prosecutor was his master, Mr. HUBBARD, who informed the Court that he had at one time paid RICHARDSON thirty shillings a week, but that he found him to be "a worthless workman," and, therefore, reduced him to a pound a week, "and really kept him on out of kindness." It is in this way that the case shows the perils of good-nature. If Mr. HUBBARD had been less kind, RICHARDSON would have had less opportunity of embezzling money and forging endorsements to cheques, and Mr. HUBBARD might have been spared the loss of his money—he stated the amount to be 50*l.* or 60*l.*—and the not inconsiderable trouble of attending as a witness at the Central Criminal Court, and also, presumably, before a magistrate. Like the clergyman at Highgate, of whose name the worthy Mr. BODKIN and his fellow-justices are probably heartily sick, he has received a lesson as to the risk of being charitable to persons of felonious disposition.

The excuses proffered by RICHARDSON in mitigation of his doom were highly characteristic of the sort of rogue that he evidently is. "He made a long statement to the effect that he was driven into dishonesty because he could not get a 'living wage.' "He received only 1*l.* per week, and this was not

"sufficient to keep himself and his wife and family." We infer that, in RICHARDSON'S opinion, thirty shillings a week is a living wage; and though it is known that certain of the colliers lately on strike, and their sympathizers, think it is not, it is certain that a good deal less than 1*l.* a week is a wage on which large numbers of Englishmen, with their wives and families, contrive to live. However, if RICHARDSON'S living wage is thirty shillings, it is extremely difficult to see how its reduction to a pound could "drive" him to steal enough to make it up to the "living" level for over a hundred weeks. But almost every dishonest man says he was "driven into dishonesty" by some cause or other; the fact being that he always has the alternative of living openly on the public at large, which, though disgraceful enough, is much less disgraceful than robbing an individual. It is further worth while to notice the impudence of the assumption that Mr. HUBBARD, or any other person except RICHARDSON, was in any way responsible for the support of Mrs. RICHARDSON and the young RICHARDSONS. The cheerful side of the whole business is the excellent good sense of the observations made by the Common Serjeant. He said that "the phrase 'a living wage' was a canting and ridiculous one," and no judge ever said a truer or more appropriate thing. Further, that "whatever the State might think about the matter, an employer was not bound to pay a man more than he was worth," which again is profoundly and everlastingly true. And, for a conclusion, he sent RICHARDSON to prison with hard labour for twelve months, where and during which period he will have leisure to meditate upon his failure to ensnare his judge with the slang expression wherewith he may or may not have momentarily succeeded in deluding himself. If he did so succeed, we hope it may be given to him to understand that a phrase of this sort, which has no definite meaning, but is both the offspring and the vehicle of unreasoning prejudice, is never more suitably used than when it is made the summary of a shambling and mendacious excuse by a convicted thief.

FRENCH JUSTICE AND ENGLISH TWADDLE.

THE candid comments made on the cowardice of the jurymen who found extenuating circumstances in favour of RAVACHOL have had a wholesome effect on their successors, who have just brought in an unqualified verdict of Guilty against VAILLANT. It is possible, too, that they have been encouraged by the late wholesale visitation of Anarchists in their beds by the police. The timid Parisian householder may now not unreasonably hope that the members of this sect are all marked men, and, therefore, likely for a time at least to prefer to keep quiet. We cannot say that the firmness of the jury has not been something of a surprise. The evidence against VAILLANT was not better than that against RAVACHOL, and the excuses attempted for both were identical. If anything, VAILLANT has been in act rather the less pestilent rascal of the two. It may appear to be rather a paradox, but there is a possibility at least that he has not been allowed extenuating circumstances largely because he was the lesser criminal. In RAVACHOL'S case a cowardly jury could disguise to itself its own meanness by the reflection that the man would be tried in a provincial town for a particularly bad murder. VAILLANT has committed no murder, as far as is known, and therefore the jury had to choose between condemning him and saving his life. As the latter course would have been both shameful and unpopular, a French jury has, for once in a way, shown sense and firmness. It is not impossible, unluckily, that we may some day have occasion to envy the good fortune

which enables a Frenchman to send to the guillotine a criminal who has only attempted to take life wholesale without succeeding.

If the jurymen also reflected that but for the absurd tenderness shown to RAVACHOL they might not have been called upon to condemn VAILLANT, we do not know that they were far wrong. This man, who knew that he was in no danger of a trial for murder, may well have hoped that he, too, would be allowed extenuating circumstances. He has, fortunately, been mistaken, and his whole story is one more illustration of the old truth that a discharge of blank cartridge is, in the long run, a waste of life. The man himself is only a common criminal who, under ordinary circumstances, would probably have been a fraudulent book-maker, or have followed some other of the various trades of the swindling classes. Accident and encouragement have turned his native esurience and vanity in the direction of political crime. The encouragement has been partly given by the preaching of so-called thinkers. His foolish talk about "the RECLUS, the DARWINS, the SPENCERS, the IBSENS, the MIRABEAUS, and others," and his obviously secondhand phrase about restraining "a smile at beholding you atoms lost in matter" reasoning because you possess a prolongation of the "spinal cord," would be laughable, if one cared to laugh at the desperate gabble of a poor wretch standing under the gallows; or, if it were not so certain that there are thousands of greedy and silly scamps who have been quarter-educated, and just fitted to have their heads turned in the same fashion, in every nation in Europe. But, though Socialist nonsense has had its large share in producing VAILLANT, we think that the credit belongs in a still greater measure to the modern folly of treating political crimes with tenderness. A vast amount of maudlin nonsense must have been assimilated by this generation before it can have become possible for Maître LABORI to stand up and endeavour to save VAILLANT'S neck, not on the ground that he was innocent or that his act was not a crime, but because it was "social." VAILLANT, in fact, did not endeavour to kill one person in order to become possessed of his purse, but to kill or injure hundreds in order to forward a general overturn, by which he expected to profit at the expense of others. Therefore, said Maître LABORI, he is the smaller offender. The sugar of lead of which Mr. CARLYLE was fond of speaking must have got into the very blood of a generation before such drivel as this could be heard without hootings of contempt. It is not yet certain that the sentence will be executed. An agitation has already been started to induce M. CARNOT to exercise his "prerogative of mercy," and there is a possibility that the PRESIDENT may be induced to yield, or, to put it in another way, his Ministers may find it difficult to keep him steady. Sensible Frenchmen have every reason to hope that they will succeed, or, better still, that they will have no occasion to exert themselves. Those who are endeavouring to obtain a reprieve for VAILLANT will have the same motives to agitate for an amnesty, at least after a little while, and it would be rash to feel sure that they would not, sooner or later, obtain one. In that case the Anarchists would be taught by example that they have really very little to fear. There are but two rules by which a sensible Government should be directed in dealing with enemies who use force. The first is that the "rebel who has bravely ventured has justly forfeited his life," and the second that "stone dead hath no fellow." Fortunately, as the *Times*' Correspondent, in one of his moods of shrewdness, has said, example goes a long way in France; and as the jury has, to the undisguised amazement of its countrymen, been firm, there is a possibility that it may "found a school."

We have our version of the thing. Except in mere accidents, there is no difference between the speech of Maitre LABORI and Mr. ASQUITH's speech on Wednesday on the matter of the compensation to the families of the men shot at Featherstone. Given the opportunity, Mr. ASQUITH would infallibly be found hairsplitting, distinguishing, qualifying, and dividing his attention between hare and hounds, on behalf of some VAILLANT or another. It was pretty to see how Mr. ASQUITH soaped the Radicals with assurances that it was only the law which assimilates the case of men such as those shot at Featherstone with that of real rioters. One wonders how much it would take to make Mr. ASQUITH express an opinion that the law should compel soldiers to abstain from firing till they were perfectly certain that no member of the mob in front had come to look on. He was full of austerity for the magistrates, but had never a word to condemn those who "homologate" rioting by their presence. He is prepared to do something for the families of those two men, though we hear of nothing to be done for those who were beaten and injured by the strikers. Obviously it is better to have a father who loafs about in a riot than a parent who sticks to his work. The Irish members are going to ask what is to be done for the families of the men shot at Mitchelstown, which should be interesting.

We are not unaware that Mr. ASQUITH was as usual careful to correct the Radicalism wherewith he pleased the Radicals by a judicious mixture of law and order useful to appeal to in case of reproach from another quarter. But we also know that, whereas Mr. ASQUITH was copious in his qualifications of blame for the rioters, and even precisely careful to abstain from direct blame, he browbeat the magistrates, and had no due praise for the soldiers who bore their rough usage with such extraordinary good temper. It may have been bad management to remove so many of the police to the Doncaster races; but, if so, that was only because there were a number of violent brutes prepared to riot at Featherstone. The error of the magistrates, as far as there was an error (and Mr. ASQUITH himself acknowledges the difficulty of their position, bound as they were to choose between the risk of giving an opening to disorder at Doncaster and allowing the blackguardism of the Union a chance elsewhere), was no excuse for the rioters. Sir JAMES FERGUSSON did well to call the attention of the HOME SECRETARY to the question of the treatment of the soldiers, and his letter to the *Times* usefully follows up the few words which he was able to speak at the end of Wednesday's debate. It really appears to be the creed of Mr. ASQUITH's friends that soldiers must stand an amount of knocking about which they would consider as justifying the use of force by their own interesting (and voting) friends, the strikers. Nor does the HOME SECRETARY appear to have concerned himself at all with the question of the risk that a small body of men exposed to attack by a mob, and not allowed to use their weapons, might be overpowered. Sir JAMES FERGUSSON's doctrine that the soldiers should never be shown unless they are to be used is undoubtedly the sound one, and it is all the more necessary to act upon it in a time when Home Secretaries have got into a way of talking about the discharge of their share of the duty of maintaining order as a painful necessity to which they submit because exacting local magistrates will not let them alone.

JÓKAI MÓR.

ENGLISHMEN who do not know their Jókai may well rub their eyes when they read of the festivities at Budapest in honour of his literary jubilee. A whole people making holiday, a national ceremony solemnly supported by

dignitaries of every rank from the Sovereign downwards, speeches, cheering, tears, and laughter; and, finally—most undeniable testimony of all—a publisher coming forward with 10,000 solid golden proofs of esteem—surely the like has never before happened to a maker of tales. Indeed, it would be unintelligible if Jókai were merely a novelist, as other novelists are; if his books were nothing more than books, things to please, amuse, or instruct. But it has been his unique fortune to annihilate the common distinction between the active and the literary life, between the hand and the brain, between making history and commenting on it. We do not refer to his activity as a soldier and a politician—other writers have done as much—but solely to his novels, which are the real and lasting work of his life. In writing them he has been making history, as surely as Bismarck or Washington made it, though the process may be less obvious. The re-creation of Hungary as a nation is due to him more than to any man, or, at least, any living man. Others, of course, have played important parts in the work; but his influence has been the most pervasive, the most vital, and the most permanent force in building up, strengthening, and consolidating the Magyar nation of to-day.

The key-note of the Jókai novels is the brave saying:—

Extra Hungariam non est vita:
Si est vita, non est ita.

Himself one of the leading spirits among a band of fiery young patriots who grew to manhood under the influence of Széchenyi and, later, of Kossuth and Deák, he threw himself with the utmost ardour into the revolutionary movement of the forties; wrote, fought, endured every danger and hardship for the national cause with indomitable energy and resolution. When it was all over he settled down as a journalist, playwright, and politician, but, above all, as a writer of romances, the eternal theme of which is his beloved country. Ever since he has poured forth a ceaseless stream of novels and stories, to the number of several hundreds; and though he occasionally deviates with success to other scenes and subjects, the main object and effect of his work has been to foster national aspirations in his countrymen, by keeping before them the idea of the Magyar race, its home, its history, traditions, language, character, and customs. Not that he has followed any definite plan or system, any Rougon-Macquart business; he has simply painted a series of pictures, as they occurred to him, embodying different phases of the one dominant idea. At the same time, we can see the conscious intention in his mind. For instance, he never introduces a characteristic national scene of the past without minutely describing the costumes, sometimes to weariness; and such descriptions are evidently meant less for a display of antiquarian learning than for a stimulus to the interest and pride of native readers. There is no part of Hungary that he has not described under every varying seasonal aspect—the vast plains of the Alföld, with their endless seas of waving corn or sheep pasture, dotted here and there with a lonely inn or farmhouse; the wild mountains, valleys, and ravines of Transylvania and the Karpethians; the creepily fascinating swamps, the haunt of outlaw and brigand, along the Maros or the Theiss; the Danube winding peacefully along its low shores or roaring in a mighty and destructive flood; the peculiar charm of Lake Balaton in storm or shine; the great city and the remote village—all these he describes again and again, in winter and summer, in peace and prosperity, in famine, war, and pestilence. And when he describes them, they live before you. And in like manner he introduces you to every class and type of Hungarian life, from the statesman, the genius, and the great noble down to the swineherd, the pauper, the gipsy, and the thief. At one time he takes you to a State reception in the capital, or to the country house of some great lord; at another you are in a shepherd's hut on the mountains, talking with a cut-throat in some lonely inn, with a miner or a fisherman, behind the scenes at a theatre, or starving in a seamstress's garret. He seems equally at home with all; they are all real and alive. When you have read two or three dozen of Jókai's novels you know Hungary and the Hungarians a great deal better than if you had been there, and you have fallen quite in love with both country and people.

Regarded absolutely as a novelist, Jókai has most affinity to Scott and Dumas. In speaking of him it is impossible not to think of them, and, indeed, he is worthy to stand beside them, if at a distance, as a master of romance

proper. There are differences, of course; but his genius, at its best, finds expression in essentially the same medium. He has nothing of the finished art and stately repose of Scott, and little of the sparkle and brilliancy of Dumas; but, on the other hand, he has native vigour and an inexhaustible flow of strong and genuine inspiration. His invention is boundless. Stories bubble out of him as melodies did from Schubert; and, as with Schubert, his creations have to take their chance, so to speak, being sometimes full, rounded, and complete, sometimes formless and weedy. If they are not born right, he cannot spend time in shaping and training them. When one thinks that for over forty years he has been producing at the rate of about three full-blown novels a year, besides editing and largely writing a daily and a weekly newspaper during a great part of the time, one can only wonder that any of his stuff is better than twaddle. And yet twaddle is just what it is not. No novelist of very large accomplishment has written so little that is weak, and so much that reaches a high level of power. His work is never, perhaps, perfect, but with all its faults it is immensely strong. Even when he is not at his best, he has beyond all other writers a way of seizing hold of the reader from the very first sentence, and dragging him along with an irresistible grasp.

The Jókai novel is generally pretty strong meat, not food for babes by any means. His "centre" is virility, in the sense in which Newman speaks of Scott's centre being chivalrous honour. Every inch a man himself, he takes a masculine view of life, full-blooded and thoroughly human, but large, generous, sane, and wholesome. He loves the masculine virtues, bodily strength and address, mental resource, courage, endurance, loyalty and tenderness to women; even his worst scoundrels use no violence to women; he cannot bear the idea of hurting the weak. He delights in feats of strength, as do all true romancers, and his portrait-gallery is full of strong men. In *A Szegény Gazdagok*, for instance, he has two—a shepherd called Juon the Strong, and the Fatia Negra, a mysterious black-masked marauder who holds the whole countryside in terror. The two meet in a Homeric contest, like Jan Ridd and Carver Doone. But Jókai is too fond of the Admirable Crichton, the perfect man, armed at all points; one sees him coming and gets a little tired of him. His favourite woman, again, seems to be the gentle, clinging, rather colourless type; but he has besides a wonderfully brilliant and varied feminine gallery, in which two types stand out prominently—the high-souled, capable, and energetic woman, of whom he is very fond, like Ilonka in *A Szerelem Bolondjai*, and the cruel, sensual *intrigante*, like Alphonsine Plankenhorst in *A Köszívű Ember*. Although Jókai takes his readers through fire and sword, the seven deadly sins and the temptations of St. Anthony, he is never coarse or nasty; he hates all that is mean and base, and his ideal is a modest and retired domestic life. Two or three rooms, wife and husband sitting with the cradle between them—that is for him the true philosophy of life. Of his other qualities we have no space to speak; but his humour should be mentioned, for in his way he is a real humourist. The quality of his wit is trenchant, but too often tends to the sardonic, as when he says:—"Friends—that is, men who neither want nor expect anything from each other."

To conclude, Jókai is a man whom any country would be proud to call her son. It is not likely that he can ever be made to read really well in English; but it is a pity that the few novels of his which have been translated should have been so ill chosen. Only one—that known as "Timar's Two Worlds"—can claim to be amongst his best work, and that is by no means characteristic, being pure romance, without any specially Hungarian flavour. The novels mentioned above, or *Enyim*, *Tied*, *Övé* and *Az élet Komédiasai* would give a better idea of his quality.

THE FRENCHMAN WHO COOKS.

IT has not yet come to the ordinary Englishman to draw a sufficient and proper distinction between the French cook and the Frenchman who cooks. The ordinary Englishman (if there be such a person), ruled by the maxims which he learned in his childhood, is apt to repeat such sayings as "You can't get *filet de bœuf* decently done any-

where but in France." "Mashed potatoes! My dear fellow, your English cook does not know the meaning of the word."

These remarks, and others like unto them, are made by the Englishman who has seldom left his island. The cookery of France, represented in his gastronomic retrospect by the works of Bignon and Voisin, justifies the maxims on which he was reared, and so the great delusion prospers:—"Such are the dishes at Bignon's and Voisin's. At Bignon's and Voisin's there are French cooks. Therefore, all French cooks produce such dishes." It is exceedingly simple—the fallacy of the undistributed middle!

It may well be doubted whether any other syllogism going astray ever caused so much disappointment. Let it be said at once, a good dinner, outside Paris, is far to seek in France. At the really first-class hotels on the Riviera you may, indeed, find yourself in good quarters; but here, again, the ordinary Englishman is disappointed in one of his maxims which is much more generally true than the former, "Cheaper, my dear fellow! I should think so—why a franc goes as far as a shilling does in England." This is scarcely the case on the Riviera; and the truth of the maxim is apt to vary in inverse ratio to the propinquity of Monte Carlo.

But he who will meet with the bitterest disappointment in the matter of his *filet de bœuf* maxim is he who tests it by the experience of ordinary travel, staying at the good hotels in good towns—in fact, putting the maxim to as fair a test as can be found for it. The mashed potato maxim he may hold to with a faith which experience will only confirm.

The manner of his disillusionment will be gradual, though swift; the *petit déjeuner* will go off fairly, leaving him much as it found him—in more senses than one. He will not feel the renovation of having breakfasted; but, on the other hand, he will not be embittered by any feeling of disappointment. It was, as he knew it would be, "Just a roll of bread and cup of coffee—custom of the country, my dear fellow—it's wonderful how soon you fall in with it." He had put on this attitude of mind towards the little breakfast when he came abroad, with his best French. The coffee met with his approval, though he criticized the chicory unfavourably, but all is peace until the real *déjeuner*.

Probably this begins with *grondins* or *rougeots*, or one or other of those strange kinds of fish which are eaten in France, and look as if they came out of the Brighton Aquarium. They are better than they look. Then an interval occurs, represented by *hors d'œuvres* on the menu; on the table by two little dishes, in one of which are some starved radishes, in the other some thin slices of what seems to be German sausage. This the ordinary Englishman will leave untasted. Of *poulet à la broche* he will eat sparingly, reserving himself for the next item on the menu, *filet de bœuf*. At first sight its appearance is less appetizing than he had figured it. This, however, may be pardoned; but the sense of disappointment grows more acute as the traveller attempts to cut it with the cutlery of the country. It has a curious softness, with a compensating toughness, which utterly defies the attacks of hoop-iron knives.

On the morrow the traveller's education will proceed with the study of that singular substance named *veau*, with various adjectives in agreement with it, which has little resemblance to any form of food familiar to him. As the days pass he will find the sad changes of *rôti* rung perpetually on these three staple meats, with occasional variations, such as *agneau* and *porc*. And by this time his disillusionment will be complete. He will recognize that French *filet de bœuf* is not necessarily and universally all that he had supposed; but he will have learnt, moreover, new *tours de force* with knife and fork, of which perhaps the most striking is the impalement on the plate with the knife, held in the left hand, of the viands under dissection; while with the fork, held dagger-wise in the right, fragments are torn by sheer strength of muscle from the reluctant substance.

The lesson, plainly written, is as follows. Except at some favoured places, such as first-class Parisian restaurants or the greatest hotels, the fleshy meats are of a toughness which is a despair to the Englishman. Either they do not understand or they take no heed to the hanging of their meats. The notion of the Frenchman who cooks with regard to the tenderness of flesh-food is confined to cooking it till all flavour and fibre are gone from it. Further, when he has succeeded by some happy chance in plain-roasting

it tolerably, he covers it, in imitation of his better, the French cook, with a sauce which makes it, in the opinion of the Englishman, "totally unfit for human food."

But when it has been said that his flesh-meats are thus unpalatable, a very great deal yet remains to be said on the other side. His *poulets* in every form are excellent, his *diades* irreproachable, his *legumes* master-efforts; and, if his *gibier* is a term so comprehensive as to cover everything from partridge and woodcock down to titlark, it may be said to his glory that, in confounding the taste of all these in one common sauce, he rather thereby succeeds in raising the titlark to the gastronomic sublimity of woodcock, than in degrading the true game to the lowlier level. And who can excel the cunning with which his master-hand deals in all concoctions of eggs, from the simplicity of *œufs sur le plat* or *au miroir* to the subtleties and dainty lightness of the piquant omelet?

Nor, it should be observed, is this skill confined to the higher masters. In every little hotel or country inn the same excellence is met with, so that the Englishman need really take but little heed of his place of boarding, providing—a large proviso—he can lodge cleanly. In the lowliest restaurants, as in the higher, a surprising inequality of culinary results will be found.

This is the lesson for the traveller to learn, and he will be surprised to find how seldom its teachings are at fault. Let him go to a little wayside inn in Normandy, Brittany, the Pyrenees—it matters not where—and in an astonishingly short time a *déjeuner* will be placed before him of excellent quality, provided he has sternly set his face against the fleshly food. Commonly in France the noble profession of cook is a masculine *métier*; but in these remote inns the hostess may be the artist, and her poultry and omelets will hold comparison with the best. Often, too, if the inn be in the neighbourhood of a stream, a fine trout will appear on the table, and the traveller will marvel till he learns that in the back garden is a tank or pond in which trout, captured in the stream, have been kept and fattened in readiness for just such an occasion as he is now presenting. No village inn in England could at all compete with the fare set before him, and his former opinion of the *cuisine* of France will be completely re-established, though on a slightly different basis.

This is, in fact, the maxim which the English traveller in France should take to heart in place of those too time-worn ones which he will have discarded—to avoid all dishes made of the creatures which go a four-foot, and reserve all his faculty of gastronomic appreciation for those lighter efforts of poultry, eggs, and vegetables which really are better suited to the sunny climate and light-hearted manners of the country.

MONEY MATTERS.

OUR foreign trade during the past year has naturally suffered severely from the banking crash in Australia, the currency crisis in the United States, and the coal strike at home. The Australian troubles, however, exercised comparatively slight influence; it is the crisis in the United States and the strike at home which have left the deepest mark. The total value of the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures for the whole year was a trifle under 218½ millions, being a falling off compared with 1892 of somewhat more than 8½ millions, or roughly, 3½ per cent. The value of the imports was rather more than 405 millions, being a falling off of considerably over 18½ millions, or not far short of 4½ per cent. It will be seen that the falling off in imports has been both relatively and absolutely considerably greater than in the exports. That is due mainly to the fact that the exports began to decrease almost immediately after the Baring collapse at the end of 1890, so that they have been declining for fully three years, whereas the imports did not begin to fall off till about the middle of 1892. The shrinkage in them, therefore, has only been for about half the time that it has been going on in the exports, and as it has lasted so much less, it is natural that it should be severer now. Indeed, there were signs in the summer that the decline in the exports had reached an end, and that recovery was setting in, were it not for the strike and the American crisis. For example, the falling off in the exports was considerable in January, was very marked indeed in February, then became small in March, and increased again in April. But in May there was a very small expansion

compared with the corresponding month of the year before. In June there was an actual increase in the value of the exports of nearly 4 per cent., and in July the increase was nearly 1 per cent. At the end of July, however, the coal strike began and the crisis in the United States became acute, and ever since then the value of the exports has continued to shrink, till in December there was a falling off of as much as 10½ per cent. It is to be observed, however, that the falling off in December is apparently greater than it really was because there were two fewer working days. There were five Sundays in December last and only four in the previous December; and, furthermore, Christmas Day fell upon Monday last month, and upon Sunday in the year before. But, when all allowances are made, the fact still remains that trade last month was exceedingly depressed and disappointing. The imports did not suffer anything like as much in December as the exports. The falling off in the former was a little over 4½ per cent., and, as already said, in the latter 10½ per cent. As observed above, the main causes of the great depression were the currency crisis in the United States and the strike at home. The Australian crash, great as it was, had comparatively little influence. Our exports were exceedingly bad in January and February, before the difficulties in Australia had been recognized by the general public. Then they improved in March and April. It was in April and May that the bank failures occurred; but in May the exports actually were larger than in May of the year before, and so they were in June and July. From the end of July, however, there has been a marked falling off, as pointed out above, showing that it was mainly the strike and the crisis in the United States that stopped the improvement that had set in, and caused the renewed depression. There has been a very great falling off, indeed, in the demand of the United States for all our goods, and the falling off has continued to the very end of the year. Indeed, in December the decline in the exports to the United States was not far short of a million sterling, or about half of the total. The strike, by interrupting business of all kinds, by increasing the cost of production, and by interfering with railway traffic, likewise deranged our foreign trade. There was some falling off in our trade with France owing to the prohibitive tariff, and with Chili and Brazil. On the other hand, several foreign countries have increased their purchases, though, of course, only in a small way compared with the falling off in the exports to the United States, Australia, Chili, Brazil, and France. Proportionately, the greatest falling off has been in coal, as was natural from the interruption in the working, and from the rise in the price. There has been a great decrease likewise in the exports of woollen goods of all kinds, cotton goods, and iron and steel manufactures. The falling off early in the year in cotton was greater than it is for the whole year, because since the closing of the Indian mints at the end of June there has been a large increase in the exports of cotton piece goods to India. In fact, the increase in the Indian demand has had a very beneficial influence upon the trade of Lancashire. Loud complaints were made that all branches of the cotton industry were in a bad state during the first half of the year, and various proposals for improving it were put forward. Latterly, however, the complaints have almost ceased, and the reports from Manchester are that a fair amount of business is being done. Speaking generally, too, the Continent has taken a larger quantity of goods from us than in the year before. Upon the whole, there seems good ground for hoping that the new year will be more prosperous than any of the three past.

The supply of money in the open market continues abundant, and business is very quiet. The rate of discount, however, is rather higher than last week at 1½ per cent. There was some expectation that the Directors of the Bank of England would lower their rate on Thursday, as a reduction is usual at this time of the year, and the probability is that money will be abundant for months to come. Besides, the Imperial Bank of Germany earlier in the week put down its rate from 5 per cent. to 4 per cent., and the Bank of the Netherlands lowered its rate from 3½ per cent. to 3 per cent. The Directors of the Bank of England, however, did nothing. Apparently they are of opinion that money will be less abundant than is commonly supposed—first, because there are prospects of an improvement in trade; and, secondly, because the withdrawals of gold during the past six or eight months have been on a very great scale, and the supply of money, therefore, is not so

plentiful as at first sight it may appear. The Governments of both Austria and Hungary have under consideration measures for completing the reform of the currency. Their financial advisers are strongly opposed to withdrawing gold from London, advising that it would be better to wait for some time longer; but apparently the Governments are impatient. If gold is withdrawn, it is, of course, out of the question that money can become cheaper. Besides, it is to be recollected that the difficulties of the United States Treasury are rapidly increasing. The reserve now in the Treasury is exceedingly small. The deficit for the current financial year is estimated at 10 millions sterling, and the Secretary of the Treasury is urging Congress to pass a Bill authorizing a loan for a short period of about 40 millions sterling. It is likely that the loan will be raised at home; still, it may possibly lead to withdrawals of gold from London.

The output of gold in South Africa was larger for the month of December than in any month previously, and there has been a considerable increase also for the whole year. The total output for the year was 1,478,475 oz., against 1,210,888 oz. in the previous year. Roughly, the production now exceeds 5 millions sterling, and must begin to tell very soon upon general prices.

The India Council on Wednesday again offered 50 lakhs of rupees in bills and telegraphic transfers, but there was not a single application; indeed, the exchanges were lower than last week. Still there appear to be signs that the Indian money market is beginning to harden. There is a large lock-up of rupees in the Presidency Treasuries—about 5 millions more than at this time last year—while the banks of Bengal and Bombay have raised their rates from 4 to 5 per cent. The export of rice from Burma is now beginning, and there ought to be an active export trade for some months to come. It is probable, therefore, that before long the Council will be able to sell its drafts pretty freely. But, for all that, it is very probable that it will have to borrow soon.

The bank dividends for the past half-year are much more satisfactory than was expected. The London and Westminster declares 12 per cent. against 11 per cent. twelve months ago, and all the other metropolitan banks as well as the Discount Companies maintain the same rates as at this time last year. The country bank dividends are equally satisfactory. As trade was greatly depressed throughout the six months, and as besides there was very little demand for banking accommodation, this has caused much surprise. But it is to be recollected that a large part of the profits arises from investments, and it is also to be borne in mind that the rates of interest and discount were fairly well above the deposit rates.

The first of the railway Companies to announce a dividend for the past half-year was the Metropolitan on Wednesday. The distribution on the Ordinary stock is $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum for the half-year against $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. twelve months ago, making the dividend for the whole year only $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and consequently disqualifying both the Three per Cent. and the Four and a Half per Cent. Guaranteed stocks as Trustee investments. The dividend on the Metropolitan Land stock is $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum, the same as at this time last year. The Ordinary stock fell $1\frac{1}{2}$ on the announcement. It is to be feared that the railway dividends generally will be very disappointing.

Business upon the Stock Exchange continues very inactive, although first-class securities are in good demand and are steadily rising. Scotch railway stocks, too, are higher; but most of the English stocks have given way because of the general belief that the dividends will be extremely bad. In the American department there is utter stagnation. Trade in the United States is extremely bad, as was naturally to be expected after so great a crisis; and the beginning of the debate on the Bill for reducing the tariff is adding to the depression. As a matter of course, merchants are unwilling to import at all largely until they can form some idea as to what Congress will do. The Bill is to be hurried through the House of Representatives; but the general belief is that the debate will be very protracted in the Senate. Probably the vote will not be taken until late in the summer. While uncertainty as to the result prevails it is very unlikely that much recovery will take place, and the opponents of the measure are creating alarm by their gloomy predictions of the consequences, especially to the smaller manufacturers. On the other hand, there is an improvement in the Argentine market. Negotia-

tions have begun for settling the dispute between the Government and the guaranteed railway Companies with respect to the guarantees, and strong hopes are entertained that a satisfactory arrangement will be arrived at. In Paris the feeling is very hopeful. Prices are rising, and predictions are confidently made that the year will be both active and prosperous. On the other hand, the new taxes proposed in Germany, and especially the Bourse-tax, are discouraging business.

There is a more hopeful feeling throughout the country respecting trade prospects. There is little improvement as yet; but, if there is no recurrence of the coal dispute, the best informed hope for an early recovery. Especially there are hopes that there will be a considerable rise in iron, the stocks being unusually small, and prices exceedingly low. Much is expected, too, from the ship-building programme of the Government.

There is little change in really sound securities, though some of them, like Consols, are a very small fraction lower than last week; yet the demand continues good. In the Colonial market Canadian Three and a Half closed on Thursday at $103\frac{1}{2}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{4}$, and Queensland Three and a Half closed at $92\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$; but South Australian Three and a Half closed at 93, a fall of $\frac{1}{4}$. In the Home Railway market Metropolitan Consolidated closed on Thursday at $80\frac{1}{2}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $1\frac{1}{2}$; Metropolitan District closed at 27, a fall of $1\frac{1}{2}$; London and South-Western Undivided closed at 183, a fall of 2; Great Eastern closed at $72\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $1\frac{1}{4}$; and Lancashire and Yorkshire closed at 103, a fall of 1. But North-Eastern closed at $155\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{3}{4}$; South-Eastern Undivided closed at 113, a rise of 1; Caledonian Undivided closed at 114, a rise of $\frac{3}{4}$; and Great Northern Preferred Ordinary closed at 111, a rise of 1. In the American market there is some improvement compared with last week, especially in doubtful dividend-paying shares and somewhat speculative bonds. Thus Milwaukee shares closed on Thursday at $58\frac{1}{2}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $1\frac{1}{2}$; and Atchison Four per Cent. Gold Bonds closed at $71\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $1\frac{1}{2}$; while Erie Second Mortgage Bonds closed at 77, a rise of 1. In the sound dividend-paying shares there was also an advance. Lake Shore, for example, closed on Thursday at $125\frac{1}{2}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 2. Argentine Funding closed at $64\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $1\frac{1}{4}$; Hungarian Fours closed at 94, a fall of $\frac{3}{4}$; and Italian Rentes closed at $74\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $1\frac{1}{4}$.

PICTURES.

AT MESSRS. Graves & Co.'s Gallery in Pall Mall Mr. Douglas Adams exhibits thirty or forty oil-pictures of sizes varying from about one to four or five feet in length. These canvases express a somewhat brutal view of Scotch, Irish, and Welsh scenery, in which trees, plants, and rocks are highly coloured and coarsely handled with a certain rough sincerity of purpose and some commonplace vigour. More than one picture recalls an Academy landscape ideal which has prevailed for many years, and has filled the dealers' exhibitions with the spectacle of its progressive decline into mere handicraft. Mr. Adams shows good sense and shrewd observation, but for all that his aesthetic gifts hardly warrant him in undertaking the rehabilitation of a rancid tradition. Under such trammels he can do no more than bear himself with an air of somewhat vulgar robustness. But without the artistic vision one may hit the public; subject or title will recommend a picture as long as talking is more practised than painting. Mr. Adams appeals through subsidiary interests to all who wield the rod or gun, even to the poor shot or unlearned fisherman who has pleasant memories of many scenes of failure and a not too fastidious taste in landscape art. With care and knowledge of sporting incident, if not always with irreproachable taste, Mr. Adams introduces small figures, who show a fair amount of life and action. Yet his pictures cannot be called whole-hearted sporting works. They are landscapes of places in which people shoot or fish; and it is a sacrifice to the sporting interest to populate the natural solitude of these glens with busy little puppets too carefully made out for the part they play as elements of a landscape composition.

Or if you prefer, it is a sacrifice to the landscape interest to display this figure-action to disadvantage by taking in such vast surroundings of sky and earth. Though an artist might, no sportsman could, pass carelessly through Mr. Adams's exhibition. That more numerous class who neither shoot nor fish, yet like any suggestion of Highland mountains, heather, and savage scenery, if they are indifferent to originality of conception and finesse of execution, may well pass a pleasant half-hour in this Gallery.

QUITO.

THE capital of the Republic of the Equator, or Ecuador, occupies, among the capitals of the world, the position that some flowers and animals do in their respective kingdoms. It is a peculiarity, an anomaly, a paradox, if not a monstrosity. Just as some shrubs have leaves that simulate flowers, so Quito has some conditions which simulate the conditions of metropolitan existence, but the general effect is bizarre and strange. Quito is a town of several thousands of inhabitants. No one quite knows whether there are forty or eighty thousand. Quitoians say that there are eighty thousand inhabitants; strangers doubt if there are so many as half that number. The first peculiarity is that there are no chimneys to the houses, and consequently no smoke rises. Charcoal only is burned there, and thus the town is relieved from that oppressive and noxious cloud that makes at least one other capital occasionally intolerable. A second peculiarity is that, while the streets are well paved with cobble-stones in the roadway, and with rough flags for the trottoir, you may pass days in the town and never see a wheeled vehicle at all. There are some carriages at Quito, but they are rarely used; when one of them rattles along, every one will turn to look at it, as at some curiosity. A third peculiarity is that, while the bulk of the population is Indian in its character, dressed in ponchos and short linen trousers, you will see a considerable number of people, white men, walking about in frock-coats and wearing tall hats. These, you will find, are the enlightened and cultivated white men, natives of Spanish origin, who fancy that they form the nation of Ecuadorians (the Indians, of course, do not count). Every white man who can possibly manage it wears, in Quito, a frock coat and a tall hat, to emphasize his importance and highly civilized condition. This dress justifies him in calling himself *Doctor*, and others in so styling him, and also gives him a claim to penetrate into the privacy of your apartments in order to borrow five cents from you. Another peculiarity about Quito is that there is no hotel there. There is, indeed, a restaurant which calls itself an hotel. There are establishments where rooms can be hired for lodgings; but hotel, properly speaking, there is none. The means of access to Quito are also remarkable. In the midst of a wide upland moor, some hundred miles away to the south, a paved road suddenly starts, and extends, with more or less interruption, to Quito, which it enters from the south. Along a portion of this road, twice a week a broken-down old omnibus, driven by six mules, with their backs and necks in various degrees of hideous rawness, urged on by the shrieks and shrill whistling of three drivers, rolls slowly into Quito. This is the only public conveyance in the interior. One or two bullock-carts may be met upon the road. All other communication with the outside world is on horse- or mule-back. Such are the facilities of intercourse of this city of Indians, tall hats, and less agreeable things.

Except Lhasa, in Thibet, probably there is no capital city which is so inaccessible as Quito. Lhasa cannot be reached at all by Europeans. Quito can only be reached by a journey, mainly on mule-back, which, including ordinary stoppages, may occupy ten days, over one of the most difficult roads in the world. Starting from Guayaquil, a steamer takes you seventy miles up the fine stream of the Guayas to Babakoyo, *alias* Bodegas. There the mules must be packed, and thence you ride for eight hours along a road which, in the dry weather, may be called good, to the foot of the Andes. Then comes a climb of ten thousand feet, part of it along rocky tracks to which the name of road can hardly be given. Then there is a descent of two thousand feet to the valley of the Chimbo. From Guaranda there is an ascent of about five thousand feet, and the shoulder of Chimborazo must be crossed. To cross Chimborazo, either you must go up to such a height that you run

a considerable risk of suffering from mountain-sickness, or you may go by a slightly lower road, and run a considerable chance of being suffocated in mud, which is often up to your horse's girths. From Chimborazo to Ambato the great bleak moors have to be passed. From Ambato the coach to Quito may be taken.

It will be imagined that in travelling over such elevations some of the roads will be very bad. During the journey one has, in fact, to go over every sort, from the finest paved causeway (almost unused) to entire absence of any track whatever. Sometimes the path leads over miles of rocks, which one could hardly imagine one could crawl along, yet which the mules manage to surmount. Sometimes it is through miles of mud, and through sloughs, where many poor beasts of burden are lying dead. Sometimes the slope is so steep that one wonders how to remain on the animal's back. Sometimes the road is converted into a torrent by the rain, or into a deadly slide where is no sure footing; sometimes it has given way, leaving but a few inches for passage. Sometimes a landslip blocks the way, save for a few inches on the precipice's edge. Sometimes one must wander over the boggy mountain-side, as the road has simply become an obstacle to progress.

In the mountains the road, be it said, is at best a mere path cut from their sides, until Chimborazo has been reached and the long Interandine Valley attained, which is the chiefly populated portion of Ecuador. The scenery is entrancing, or rather would be so if two things permitted the soul to be entranced. One obstacle is the enormous amount of clouds, which, though sometimes a beauty, often mar the scene, so dense and continuous are they. The other obstacle is caused by the necessity of careful attention to the road and horse, and of hastening forward as quickly as possible. Rest-houses are rare, sometimes are mere Indian hovels, always are foully filthy to a degree beyond powers of decent description. The rain is often torrential. When the road is dry, many of the difficulties and dangers disappear. But the cold winds on Chimborazo are often very formidable, and one must not stay long to admire his beauty. Apart from the glorious exuberance of the precipitous hillside forests on the maritime face of the Andes, and of the splendid sweep of the vast cereal-bearing valleys and slopes on the eastern aspect, there is much of surpassing loveliness; and, although in the rest-houses unspeakable filth and squalor prevail, there is interest and pleasure in the journey. First, there is the novelty of a journey on horse- or mule-back; then, although the road is difficult, and heavy rain falls, and clouds obscure the scenery, still, in those vast, deep gorges of the hills, where the valleys seem to have been dug out by the spades of Titans rather than moulded, in the long process of ages, by the slower operation of Nature, there are great torrents breaking in interminable cataracts, there are clouds floating at all levels, occasionally in parallel ranks, while sometimes they steam upwards like the smoke of conflagrations. There is the roaring of waters, the rushing of winds, the singing of strange birds, trains of muleteers uttering their loud cries or playing their reed-pipes as they move along. There is an infinite variety of colouring on the forest-clad hillsides or in the profound glens, to be viewed as the winding path offers continually new aspects of the same scene. Also there is a variety in the character of the scenery; the tropical vegetation of the plains yields to the vast forests of the Western Andean slopes, which seem to increase in magnificence the higher one rises, till, rather lower than ten thousand feet above sea-level, a vegetation inferior in richness supervenes. This again suddenly vanishes on passing to the Eastern slope, where are mountains destitute of forests and valleys widely cultivated and dotted by occasional towns; while over the mountain-sides frequent homesteads are sprinkled. On ascending the shoulder of Chimborazo, the forest again appears; then follow bare, uncultivated mountains; then black and peaty bogs, saturated with water. Suddenly at about 12,500 feet Chimborazo's snowy slopes may appear, if the weather permits, half concealed, however, by drifting mists, and breaking down in huge cavernous gorges. If the weather has been fine, the traveller may earlier have seen this noble mountain rising in solitary whiteness high into the blue sky, with serried ranks of black dark ranges of hills, forming in the foreground, as it were, steps to his unsurmounted throne. After this come ugly moorland stretches, with glimpses of sunny fields to the eastward, some 3,000 or 4,000 feet below in the valley, ringed by other ranges, which are crowned by other snowy

peaks. On these moors is a lonely collection of huts, where the night is ordinarily spent by the wet and weary and often fevered traveller. Thence down again from the upland wilds to cultivated plains, till one enters a scene of wild volcanic desolation, stretching across the valley formed by the parallel ranges of the Andes. Here in a fair oasis in the shadow of Carhuairazo is the terraced town of Ambato. Thence onwards again by the barren volcanic stretches where uplands and valleys have been formed apparently on no plan, but just at the whim of the fires of volcanoes, which themselves have now ceased to exist, though new volcanoes of vast height are threatening, in the same spot, new devastations. On the last day Cotopaxi is seen in white and naked majesty; opposite to him is Iliniza, wreathed in clouds; and when Cotopaxi's sphere of desolation has been passed, we enter the rich and lovely Quitonian pastures, full of cattle and teeming with population.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

THE performance of *Twelfth Night* at Daly's Theatre not only amply fulfils any high expectations which may reasonably have been entertained, but also gives by far the most brilliant example we have had this season of Mr. Daly's gift for management and discernment in choosing a cast. With a vivid remembrance of Miss Rehan's Rosalind, an impersonation at once lively, graceful, and full of warm and delicate sentiment might easily have been prophesied, though scarcely her natural and bewitching rendering of Viola, or the individual successes which marked the efforts of the other members of the company. Following so closely upon her Peggy Thrift, Miss Rehan's Viola naturally suggests comparisons, only to show how widely the actress has distinguished incidents whose superficial resemblances might well have led to a kind of likeness in representation. There is a world of difference between the wearing of the masculine garb by the Peggy and the Viola. The former is an almost farcical device in a comedy possessing some touches of farce. In the latter we have a serious assumption of man's clothing for a serious and necessary purpose; and while the note of gaiety is sufficiently in evidence, the earnestness and gentle sincerity of motive are also unmistakably obvious, and the romantic air of the play is never in danger for a moment. Romance is, indeed, the essence of Miss Rehan's reading of the part. And it would be difficult to better the fine touches which Miss Rehan gives to the double intention—on the one hand devotion to Orsino, on the other a finely repressed jealousy of Olivia. It is not more in Miss Rehan's face than in her voice that the spectator reads the conflicting emotions which lead at last to so fair an end. The "voice of gold" has somewhat to say to this. But the voice of gold without inspiring genius could not be supreme. And Miss Rehan has that voice and that genius. Miss Violet Vanbrugh's Olivia charmed by its subdued and tender grace, and she spoke her lines most musically and well. The Duke of Mr. John Craig was characterized by clearness and soundness of delivery. It was also judicious in the matter of reserve in action; as was the Malvolio of Mr. George Clarke, a sound and thoughtful performance. Mr. James Lewis made a strange but excellent Sir Toby. The Sir Andrew Aguecheek of Mr. Herbert Gresham is very far in advance of anything he has done in this country. Mr. Daly has arranged the play in four acts, and has not only mounted it very beautifully, but has added most materially to its musical attractions by the employment of highly efficient vocalists and the introduction of songs not belonging to *Twelfth Night*. It might be ungracious to object that these interpolations distract from the continuity of interest in the piece; but, putting any such objection aside, it must be admitted that the work has been done excellent well.

REVIEWS.

THE MINISTERS OF EUROPE AND AMERICA.*

THESE two stout volumes by M. L. Dupriez on *Les Ministres dans les principaux pays d'Europe et d'Amérique* belong to a class of work to which we have no exact equivalent. We have,

* *Les Ministres dans les principaux pays d'Europe et d'Amérique.* By L. Dupriez, avocat à la cour d'Appel de Bruxelles. Paris: J. Rothschild, éditeur.

indeed, the prize essay; but as produced among us it may be described as the small, if not exactly poor, relation of books such as M. Dupriez's. *Les Ministres* was written to gain "le prix Odilon Barrot," offered by l'Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques, but it is really a very serious undertaking on a large scale. The subject, indeed, lent itself to extended treatment. M. de Franqueville in his *Rapport*, published here by way of preface, gives an account of what the Academy expected from the competitors for its prize. It was not little. We gather that the authors of the essays were expected to treat the "rôle des Ministres" historically and critically, and, as M. de Franqueville says, there is no part of constitutional law which is at once more important and more delicate to handle. Certainly it is a very considerable one. The powers, duties, and responsibilities of our Ministers, for instance, cannot be critically and historically treated without coming near to giving something like a constitutional history of England, in at least tolerably full outline, and for the last two centuries. In the case of other countries it may not be necessary to go back so far, and with them the author has the advantage of dealing with written constitutions—much more tangible things, and more easy to be understood than the great bundle of compromises, traditions, understandings, and fictions which rule our polity. Still, even so, some portion of historical knowledge is required to discuss competently the duties and position of Ministers, in the German Empire, for example, and the United States. The magnitude of the subject does not appear to have scared competitors. M. de Franqueville reports that many manuscripts were sent in, and although all of them were notably inferior to this, which has been selected for the prize, he allows that they showed, as a rule, "serious study and extended knowledge." This is probably not mere politeness on the part of M. de Franqueville. It is astonishing how much good work, particularly of the historical order, is done in France in the hope of winning the prizes offered by academies. One wonders whether the same offer would produce the same result in England. One also hopes that the "Prix Odilon Barrot" is a substantial one.

M. Dupriez has not wholly carried out the scheme on which he proposed at first to construct his work. It had been his intention to begin by showing Cabinet government in its original home—that is to say, England. Then to follow its course through Belgium and Holland to its "hitherto less happy introduction in Italy," then to show how it has adapted itself to Austria-Hungary and Canada. This would have been the first part. A second would have dealt with Germany and Prussia, the United States and Switzerland. The work was to have been ended off by a careful examination of the part of Ministers in France, under the diverse Constitutions which have successively ruled that country, and a "general synthesis of the principles of Cabinet government, and the laws which must preside over its complete and honest application." Experience appears to have convinced M. Dupriez that he had proposed to embrace too much, and that he must drop something. He has, however, kept his hold on a great deal, as a mere mention of the contents of these two volumes will show. The first contains five parts, devoted respectively to England, Belgium, Italy, Prussia, and the office of Chancellor in the German Empire. The second volume is divided between the United States, Switzerland, and France. It was to be expected that of these eight parts the longest would be the last. M. Dupriez, though, by the way, himself a Belgian (which, perhaps, explains why he decided to retain his own country instead of Austria when he found it necessary to lighten his burden), was writing for a French Academy, and, presumably, for the instruction of French students of "moral and political science." Therefore, he treated the other portions of his work as introductory to what he has to say on the more or less complete and honest application of Parliamentary government in that country. But there is another reason why M. Dupriez was bound to be somewhat lengthy in this part of his subject. The historical section is swollen by the obligation to take notice of the varying rôles of Ministers, under no less than eleven diverse Constitutions, beginning with the "Ancien Régime" and ending with the "Assemblée Nationale" of 1871.

It will be seen that even after M. Dupriez had decided to reduce his first scheme the bulk of what remains is considerable. The quality of M. Dupriez's work is, we think, very fairly estimated by M. de Franqueville—an excellent judge—in the Report recommending it for the prize. We are by no means in agreement with him that it is a merit in the author "to treat his subject from the point of view of the juris-consult, and not of the politician." The subject which M. Dupriez has undertaken to deal with is a political one, and it is not obvious that there is any gain in approaching it from an alien point of view. Again, there is something which will warn off not a few Englishmen in the judgment that the "work is solid because, without being

purely theoretical, it takes notice of facts only for the purpose of noting how they complete or modify the law." In such cases it too often happens that the part of the facts is to be swallowed up by the theory. But M. Dupriez's work is not one of those beautiful and coherent explanations of anything and everything of which the French are masters, and which have no defect except that of being the pure products of an ingenious "logical" imagination. Nor was that probably what M. de Franqueville meant to say. His intention, we take it, was to praise M. Dupriez's book for not being the work of a mere party politician, or a heap of undigested facts. Its merits of clearness and "correctness" of style, good arrangement and exact information, are those which a Frenchman particularly admires, and we, let us hope, do not undervalue.

The most interesting portion of M. Dupriez's book to an Englishman will properly be that in which he treats of Cabinet government in the "country of its origin." His sketch of a singularly difficult subject upon which not even all Englishmen who take an interest in politics would care to pass an examination at a moment's notice is very fairly accurate. Now and then M. Dupriez uses words in a fashion which shows that, after all, he is a foreigner. "Staff officer," for instance, is not the equivalent of "permanent official," as he appears from one passage to think. It is not everybody on a "staff" who is a staff officer. Now and then, too, his information appears to have been drawn from sources which are now a little antiquated. "Les communes, composées de députés élus aujourd'hui par le suffrage presque universel des chefs de famille" is a curious expression which leaves one under the impression that M. Dupriez has not got beyond the ten-pound householder. Some of his judgments strike an Englishman as at least curious. "En 1886," he says, "la Reine a même permis à M. Gladstone de dissoudre une Chambre élue depuis quelques mois, qui venait de condamner sa politique irlandaise, afin de poser directement devant la nation la question de Home Rule. Ce fait a été considéré comme tout à fait extraordinaire; mais cette question de tout premier ordre n'avait pas été soulevée dans la dernière lutte électorale." We do not recollect hearing any one describe that dissolution as altogether extraordinary. Our recollection is that it was thought to be altogether a matter of course. Nor should we have said that the question of Home Rule was "soulevée si courageusement par M. Gladstone." Courageously does not strike us as quite the right word. Peers of the Royal Blood do not form a separate class in the House of Lords, except in the opinion of society papers of Radical politics. M. Dupriez is a little fantastic when he says that the Cabinet had its origin in "l'habitude inconsciente des premiers Stuarts de prendre en secret l'avis de quelques conseillers favoris." But these are small slips. In the main M. Dupriez is sound. He has gone to good authorities whom he quotes with commendable precision, and his account of the Cabinet as it is, and of the functions of the different Ministers, will not only be useful to foreigners, but might teach something to a good many Englishmen. The most interesting passage in his account of foreign Cabinets and Ministers is the section which he devotes to the German Imperial Chancellor. Perhaps M. Dupriez hardly allows sufficiently for the very important share which Prince Bismarck had in really creating that important office. Whether or not it is true that but for the Prince there would have been no Empire, it is certain that but for him there would have been no Imperial Chancellor. It was the fact that there was a great Prussian statesman enjoying the full confidence of the King which made the formation of the office natural. M. Dupriez gives a full and interesting account of his functions and position. The German Chancellor is, as he shows, an officer quite without equal or second in Europe. He is what the *Privado* was under the Hapsburg kings of Spain or Richelieu in France, the *alter ego* of the Sovereign. Indeed in a way he holds a stronger position than Richelieu or the Count-Duke of Olivares. They were favourites, and if they fell from power, there was no actual necessity that they should be replaced. But the Chancellorship is an office which carries the same power to all who hold it. The Chancellor is, in fact, the Cabinet of the Empire, the other Ministers being merely his subordinates. Prince Bismarck stated the facts as to their position in 1881, when he told the Reichstag that he was responsible for the Ministers, but not they for him. In truth, as M. Dupriez plainly shows, Cabinet government does not exist in Germany, and cannot exist where the chief Minister is practically independent of the Reichstag, and there are no parties capable of supplying a government. M. Dupriez's account of the curious and rather complicated relations between Prussia and the Empire is clear. It leaves an impression that, as Mr. Carlyle might have said, the Empire is only a cloak, and that the substance is Prussia. His study of the United States contains naturally little that is new to us or not easily accessible elsewhere. Here, too, there is no real

Cabinet government, partly because of the predominance of the President, but even more because the functions of the Federal Government are so limited. The machinery which answers well enough in the United States would be hopeless in Europe. We need not go at length into what M. Dupriez says of other Cabinets—the Belgian, the Italian, or the French—which are but copies and echoes of our own. M. Dupriez gives his reader a good account of their machinery, and we may add that he is not blind to the fact that it has in too many cases proved quite ineffectual to secure good administration. M. de Franqueville in his Report says that the ideas of the author may be summed up in this saying of one of the ancients, which will always be the last word of political science:—

Quid leges sine moribus?

Very true; but we are afraid that the train of thought started by this most excellent sentiment is apt to lead to a certain indifference of mind towards "the law of the Constitution."

NOVELS.*

THE revival of the historical novel seems to make steady progress, and few of the most successful have interested us more than *A Gentleman of France*. Mr. Weyman, in defiance of Alexandre Dumas, has laid his scenes in the reign of the last of the Valois. The epoch was as rich in romantic incidents as it was fruitful of political crime and intrigue. In these times of trouble and turmoil Fortune shuffles the cards, and gives the daring adventurer golden opportunities as she sends him dismal and depressing reverses. M. de Marsac, who is a man of middle age, has experienced her frowns, and then, when he least expects it, the coquette overwhelms him with her favours. The story of a brief year or two of his busy life leads us through a series of dramatic sensations, and gives us the clue to the contemporary history of France. M. de Marsac could only have risen from the condition of a beggared and friendless soldier of fortune to wealth, rank, and high consideration by a strange run of good luck. Mr. Weyman, with ingenious art, has made his hero happily avail himself of an almost incredible succession of chances. But it is a case of Heaven helping the man who helps himself; for in each of his opportunities all the odds are against him. Doubtless he finds most potent backers; but they warn him fairly that, if he fails, they are powerless to befriend him. On the other hand, his enemies are numerous and active from fanatical apostles of the League to staunch allies of his nameless patrons. The novelist's art is cleverly shown in making M. de Marsac modestly reveal himself. It is only very gradually we realize the readiness of his resource and the firmness and cool and calculating courage which promptly respond to the most urgent appeal. Indeed, diffidence might have been a fatal stumbling block had not circumstances hustled him along. Then love steps in to lend him a lift. Neither he nor we could have dreamed in the opening scenes that he was to win the heart of the haughty young beauty who scorns his poverty and threadbare clothes. Supercilious as she was, she has the good sense to recognize a strong champion and a true and honourable protector in the man who has guided her through innumerable perils. The excitement goes on growing through a succession of thrilling scenes. We are brought face to face with all the commanding personalities, from Henri of France and Henri of Navarre downwards; we make acquaintance with De Mornay, De Rosny, and Crillon; and the rencontres come about not very unnaturally. The most effective of the episodes are when the plague is abroad, and M. de Marsac is following his ravished ladylove into the valley of the shadow of Death, and the districts that have been devastated and famished by the epidemic.

Red Diamonds, on the contrary, is a rattling criminal romance of the school of Gaboriau and Boigobey. Mr. McCarthy draws liberal drafts on our credulity, and never sticks at a trifle. Nevertheless, the story is capital reading, for we are hurried along with-

* *A Gentleman of France*. By Stanley Weyman, Author of "The House of the Wolf." London: Longmans & Co. 1893.

Red Diamonds. By Justin McCarthy. London: Chatto & Windus. 1893.

A Heroine in Homespun. By Frederick Breton. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1893.

Sweet Bells out of Tune. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1893.

Hugh Darville. By E. L. St. Germaine. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1893.

Three Braces of Lovers. By Harold Vallings. Bristol: J. W. Arrow-smith. 1893.

Markham Howard. By J. Heale. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1893.

out having much time to think. Had some of the characters played the rôles as he imagines, they should have been summarily cognosed and locked up in lunatic asylums. The Voyagers' Club is the central point and rallying place, and a queer and incongruous collection of eccentricities it must have been. A member who has turned up from the Antipodes drops in one evening in most unconventional clothes. Contrary to ordinary club custom, he is set down to share a dinner-table with a member unknown to him. The involuntary *convive* is a rising young journalist of the masher type, to whom the confiding stranger literally unbosoms himself after an hour's conversation. He not only tells his story, but hands over a pocket-book stuffed with securities, payable to bearer, and priceless precious stones. No doubt he was moved by a presentiment, for he goes straight away to get murdered—in St. James's Street, of all places in the world. The perpetrator of the foul crime has to be traced, and the contents of the pocket-book are to be distributed among the lawful owners. As to the latter there is little difficulty. The diamonds, &c., belong to the heirs of the partners in a South African Tontine. One of the members has been shot, another hanged, and two of the rest are reported missing. As it happens, all, including the custodian of the pocket-book, are in London, and in personal relations, though the two who are unaccounted for have been going about under false names. The villain of the piece is a mysterious Jack the Ripper of the West End, who, though he moves in society as a reputable fencing-master, has his lair in a frail wooden structure overhanging the Thames above bridges. And the curtain comes down with blood and thunder, when retribution dramatically descends upon him in his den.

A Heroine in Homespun is as sensational as the *Gentleman of France*, yet it is described as a "Crofters' Chronicle," and consequently takes us into very different scenes and company. It is a romantic idyll of the Outer Hebrides, and we must warn our readers that the opening chapter did not impress us favourably. But as the writer warms to his work, he takes firm grasp of his subject. He seems to know the crofters well, and to be familiar with the scenery of that misty archipelago. He makes discreet use of the many local superstitions which still linger. There is a witch or wise woman, with a familiar in shape of a savage black cat, to whom love-lorn youths and love-sick maidens have habitual recourse; and even the most strongminded of the islanders, nursed amid those stern surroundings, are disposed to see spectres in the wreaths of the fog, and to hear supernatural voices in the moanings of the storm, especially when they have been freely indulging in drams. For, though simple and primitive in their manners, they are far from Arcadian in their morals, and are sometimes guilty of graver offences than drunkenness. Wrecking, or worse, is not altogether unknown. The heroine's father is tolerably well off; but the greed of gold has grown with its acquisition. He tempts a weak accomplice into the perpetration of a crime, and the tale turns upon the consequences. "John the Dreamer," an emotional Celt, is passionately enamoured of the old scoundrel's daughter. Unrequited love transforms his feeble nature, and, though scarcely responsible for his conduct, he abuses his knowledge of what was tantamount to a murder, and remorselessly turns the screw. The heroine changes also, but all for the better. The discipline of affliction, the shadow of a horrible crime which in her filial devotion she finds hard to conceal, makes a grave, heroic, and self-sacrificing maiden of the giddy rustic coquette. At the last she is saved from imminent misery by the kindly help of a flowing tide, in which the half-frenzied Dreamer makes a melancholy, but appropriate, end. There is power as well as pathos in the novel, and the local colouring is excellent.

Sweet Bells out of Tune is a lively and satirical story of fashionable American life. The pictures of the gay society of New York are far from pleasing. Wealth may count for much, but blood is held in admiring reverence; and even the poverty of the descendants of the old Dutch families is regarded by capitalists with respectful toleration. As for the morals of the volatile young dudes, they are represented as being as free and easy as those of the *fine fleur* of dissipated Parisian *boulevardiers*. There are semi-attached wives, setting the conventionalities at defiance; and strangely tolerant husbands, content to let their world slide. The novel turns on an inter-marriage between the sets, and the pair are otherwise indifferently mated, for the bride is a charming girl who has been well and carefully brought up, and the husband is not only unsympathetic but inclined to play her false. It is mainly a record of frivolity, vulgarity, and folly, and the most serious social excitement depends on a case of malicious feminine *chantage*. Nevertheless, there are redeeming social features and lights to relieve the shadows. The bride's sisters are fortunate in meeting

with men of sterling worth, and make a couple of respectable matches; and she herself, by her love, graces, and virtues, succeeds in reclaiming her penitent husband—after he has gone through the inevitable discipline of a sick bed, and only slipped by a miracle through the embraces of Death.

We may presume the publisher of "The Independent Novel Series" knows his own business best; but we should say it was a mistake to embarrass the reader by uncut pages, and, moreover, with the folds in unfamiliar places. However, *Hugh Darville*, on the whole, repays the trouble of getting at him. He is a good-natured young officer who, on the homeward journey from India, constitutes himself unofficial guardian of a charming child insufficiently appreciated by a worldly young mother. The seed he has carelessly cast upon the waters bears fruit, and he is richly repaid when his ward is a woman.

The *Three Brace of Lovers* are a decidedly lively set. The scenes are laid in a pretty little country town on the Thames, where the good society gives itself over to cricket, lawn-tennis, boating, and picnics. Consequently there are endless opportunities for flirtation, which the six lovers use and abuse. The *première* heroine, a self-satisfied and supercilious young beauty of high birth, plays a pleasant game of cross-purposes with a handsome cousin, who is tutor to a popular military crammer. But she is a clever young woman who knows her own mind, and has no notion of letting the object of her predilection slip through her fingers. In a pretty scene she proposes to the haughty and penniless teacher; but when those susceptible temperaments are coupled together in wedlock, we suspect it will probably be a case of "Bagstock backs the winner."

Markham Howard is ingenious and absurd. Often the writing is really remarkably clever. Some of the situations are powerful or pathetic; but the characters are a strange collection of incongruities, and the morality is ludicrously mixed. Markham, a born musician, is a boy of mysterious birth, who nurses revenge for the wrongs of an injured mother, and ultimately, as a filial tribute to her memory, renounces the earldom and estates which were his lawful heritage. He is reared, almost regardless of expense, by a generous libertine, and stands father himself to a couple of orphan girls who are neither his kith nor kin. Both are charming; he falls in love with the more beautiful, and is silenced by common gratitude when she marries their common benefactor. He is persuaded to fall back upon the other, and his natural hesitation before trying to turn a trusting sister into a loving wife is very realistically rendered. Should she refuse, their early relations are at an end, and he loses all that has made his life worth living. As for his morality, Markham shows transcendental tolerance towards a rascally and most repulsive old German, the soul of selfishness and sensuality, who turns pander on occasion for a trifle of money in a family where he has been welcomed with friendly hospitality. Moreover, the old scoundrel has succeeded in his nefarious designs; yet the friends of the young woman take the matter very easily. A discarded lover marries her with his eyes wide open, and her mother, who had connived at the infamy, only regrets that she had been so precipitately brought back to her home, since possibly the high-born seducer might otherwise have made an honest woman of her.

THE NEW HISTORY OF THE BÂB.*

MR. BROWNE seems to have been captivated by Persia and its inhabitants almost as much as Sir Edwin Arnold was by Japan and the Japanese. In March 1892 the *Traveller's Narrative*, written to illustrate the doctrines of the New Bâb, was reviewed in this journal. Mr. Browne has since published an account of his residence in Persia for a year or so, and now we have a third volume, to which some allusion was made in the *Traveller's Narrative*. It is with the *New History* that we have now to deal. Mr. Browne, as becomes an Oriental Lecturer at one of our Universities, has mastered one of the most copious, the most elegant, and the most fascinating of Eastern languages. He is familiar with the running character in which, for the perplexity of students, so many of the Persian manuscripts are written. He has apprehended the force of the disacritical points. We do not doubt that he conversed familiarly with the shopkeepers of Teheran and the learned Mullas of Shiraz, and never failed to use the correct terms prescribed by Eastern diplomatists for the science of *nishast-o-barkhast*, or "sitting down and rising up"; in

* *The Tarik-i-Jadid, or New History of Mirza Ali Muhammad the Bâb*. By Mirza Huseyn of Hamadan. Translated from the Persian, with Introduction, Illustrations, and Appendices, by Edward G. Browne, M.A., M.B., Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge, and Lecturer in Persian to the University of Cambridge. Edited for the Syndics of the University Press. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1893.

other words, the rules of etiquette, polite conversation, and the reception and dismissal of visitors and guests. And he has produced a curious account of the rise and progress of a remarkable sect, which, in spite of torture, imprisonment, and massacre, now numbers its adherents by hundreds of thousands, has stirred Islam to its depths, and threatens to exercise a political influence over the future "destinies of Persia and the neighbouring States."

It seems that when the first Báb or "Gate," or Prophet of the New Revelation, was savagely put to death in 1850, his mantle fell on two brothers known as Behá Ullá and as the Subh-Ezal or Mirza Yahya. Into the rivalry that soon sprang up between the followers of these sectaries we need not enter. It led, as these Oriental schisms usually do, to violence far beyond recrimination and abuse. Mr. Browne, after much pains and research, has obtained a copy of what he terms the *New History*, and we are compelled to say that, after perusing carefully the author's introduction, we find dates, authorship, and purpose almost as perplexing and mysterious as the new creed itself. One Mirza Jani of Kashan appears to have composed a work called the *Point of Kaf*, on the doctrines of Bábis, in which he urged the claims of the Subh-Ezal to be the rightful heir and successor of the original Báb. Of this work some extracts are given in the Appendix. But the main portion of the volume before us is the composition of another Mirza, not he of Kashan at all, but Mirza Huseyn of Hamadan. The matter seems to be further complicated by the fact that in the composition of the *New History* the last-named Mirza was supervised by one Manakji, an Indian Zoroastrian—in other words, a Parsee—and was aided by a third Mirza, Abul-Fazl of Gulpayagan. We make out that the ostensible author, the Mirza of Hamadan, entered into a sort of literary partnership with the Parsee who, we are concerned to find, had no "great skill or science in the Persian tongue," and employed, for sundry alterations and additions, ignorant and illiterate scribes. It would have been far better, Mr. Browne truly observes, if this audacious and interfering Parsee had let things alone, and had allowed Mirza Abul-Fazl to write the *New History* in his own perspicuous and polished style. We confess, in reading Mr. Browne's explanation of the dates and authorship, to a feeling somewhat like that experienced at the recital of the incomprehensible letter which Mr. Weller, Sen., wrote, or caused to be written, to his son on the death of this person's stepmother.

We may add that while the critic's attention is distracted by the mention, in the introduction, of no less than three different works about these Bábis, he must further exercise extra care in discriminating between similar names, places, and titles, as well as between 300 pages of the narrative and 110 of the Appendix. Two distinct persons are called the Mukaddas or Saints of Khorassan. Besides the Prophet Muhammad himself, there is mention of nearly fifty other Muhammads, with the additions of Begs, Khans, Mullas, Madhis, and Mirzas; and we must bear in mind that, while one eminent martyr in this History is known by the lower title of "Jenab" or "your excellency," on the other hand by the early professors of the new religion he was given the higher appellation of "Hazrat," usually reserved for prophets and kings.

By the above remarks it must not be assumed that the *New History* is devoid of interest, or that it will not have a permanent value. There is always, as Mr. Browne observes, much to attract in new doctrines, especially when they are associated with persecution of the most rigorous kind. The siege of the Castle of Tabarsi, in which the persecuted sect took refuge, would be almost worthy of the pen of Thucydides or Livy. Under the leadership of Jenab-Bab-ul-Bab, the sectaries took refuge in a castle which contained the tomb of a celebrated Sheikh. This fortalice seems to have been erected in a very damp and unpleasant locality in Mazendaran; for Mr. Browne, though he had a most intelligent guide in September 1888, was floundering in rice-fields and swamps for no less than three hours before he could reach the spot. "A worse ride in three hours I never saw." The narrative of the siege is made up of a resistance both heroic and credible, and of miraculous escapes described in the genuine Oriental fashion. It rained for twenty days and nights without intermission. The garrison subsisted on grass and leaves, and on horseflesh which tasted like food from Paradise. The besieged had nothing to drink but a cup of warm water morning and evening. The soldiers of the Shah sent from the capital to take the fortress, built towers which commanded the interior of the fort and plied the besieged with shot and shell. They also dug mines and blew up a part of the fortifications, but the garrison repaired the breach during the night. The Bábis became weary of life and were glad to quaff the draught of martyrdom. At length, when the siege had lasted nine months, and the garrison was reduced to two hundred and thirty persons, a capitulation

was signed, the defenders laid down their arms, marched out, and were sitting down to a meal generously provided by their captors when they were all shot down, except a few who were reserved for execution. We wonder if the besiegers and the besieged had ever heard of Cawnpore and the Nana. The author of the *New History* sarcastically observes that the Royal troops at their success beat drums and showed such exaltation that you might think they had either recaptured from Russia the territories formerly owned by the Shah, driven the English right out of India, or annexed Afghanistan and a few other insignificant places, such as Bokhara and Balkh. We see no reason to doubt that the narrative in substance is true; that the resistance was protracted; that many Bábis were slain with every circumstance of cruelty and indignity. The chronicler has a grim satisfaction in recording that one Mirza Bakir, about to be sacrificed, was strong enough to break the bonds which confined him, to kill the executioner with this person's own knife, and to dispatch several of the bystanders to the hell "from whence they originally came."

Not less satirical are the comments on the behaviour of the old and orthodox religionists in Persia. The reverend divines who had come to take part in the holy war were unable to sleep from fear, and roundly abused the Crown Prince for sending them away from their studies and discussions on such an errand. They began with one accord to make excuses, like the guests in the sacred Parable. One was "lawfully" excused; another was exonerated by circumstances; a third had children dependent on him; a fourth had made no provision for his wife, and a fifth wanted to square his accounts, feared that his substance would be wasted, and pleaded that such waste was repugnant to religion and displeasing to God. In another passage a Báb disputes boldly with two factions of the mighty ones of the earth—that is, with the officials and the clergy. The function of kings and rulers, he says with much truth and point, is to maintain order and to pass measures conducive to national wealth and prosperity. A king has no right to interfere with the religion and belief of his subjects. The apologist then goes on to reproach the Mullas with the slaughter of the Faithful, with adherence to figments more unsubstantial than a spider's web, with an obstinate refusal to recognize the manifestation of God's command, and with keeping men back from the Sweet Waters and the Straight Way. We regret to add that this able but excited controversialist subsequently applied to his rivals such terms as tyrants and scoundrels, and that the conference seems to have terminated very much like the dispute between Friar Tuck and the Prior of Jorvaulx.

There is less vehement abuse but equal satire in the criticism that Persians have now become a byword amongst nations for meanness and misery. Did they not once excel in trade, arts, and handicrafts? Can these priests work in mines, traverse land and sea, cultivate desert places, and trade with China, India, America, and Europe? No! They live on the alms of the people, by reading the Koran for a small coin, and by fees paid for devotions; and after entering colleges with a smock and a staff, and with sore feet caused by coarse stockings and canvas shoes, they learn a little Arabic, and fill their minds with hesitations, doubts, and vain scruples. Worse than this, they have not acquired the knowledge which is obtained by Divine illumination known as "imparted" or "immediate," nor that knowledge which is revealed after long search, and which is called "Ecstatic," or "disclosed." They are evidently not "souls." It is fair to add that a high official, Abbas Mirza, the Naib or Deputy of the Sultan, brought the secular arm to the aid of this Oriental Pound-text, and wrote a letter in which he ascribed the pride and intolerance of the priesthood to over-indulgence in pilafs of sugar and beans, and bowls of syrup and broth. An Arab steed, he adds sententiously, will not eat more than its due measure of barley, but a wretched packhorse if it gets a trifle more than usual, or is allowed to graze unhindered in a paddock, will kick or bite its groom. May such lazy and overfed persons be the *Fida* or sacrifice of Turkish Effendis and Frankish priests.

In another part of the History the Mullas are roundly taken to task for ignorance of the scientific fact that the sun does not really rise and set, but has a motion of its own, not round the earth. Our planet revolves continually round itself at a speed of 60,000 miles an hour.

We should not omit to state that the learned Cambridge Professor has translated into English verse many of the couplets and stanzas in which the *New History* abounds. Muhammadans, it is well known, are fond of quoting Hafiz and Sadi, just as an educated English gentleman quotes, or at least used to quote, Horace. We subjoin a specimen or two. We are rather glad to be spared the million of verses which his Holiness the Báb is

reported to have composed, *stans pede in uno*, during his residence at Maku:—

Wine is still wine, the rose is still the rose,
Where'er that ripens and where'er this grows.
Though from the West its course should be begun,
The sun's the sun, and nothing but the sun.

And with regard to a calumnious statement that his Holiness the Háb once went to sleep at midday, and forgot to say his prayers till sundown, the mystic poet Jallal-ud-din Rumi is quoted in defence:—

A wakeful heart a hundred sights espies,
Though slumber overcome the weary eyes;
The Prophet said "My eyes are closed in sleep,
Yet my heart faileth not its watch to keep."
Of this heart-watch to tell the meaning true
A thousand *masnavis* were all too few.

For the diplomatist, for the scholar, for the politician who remembers Lord Beaconsfield's dictum about England being a great Asiatic and Muhammadan Power, this *New History* ought to have no inconsiderable value.

THREE FAIRY BOOKS.*

THERE are few things in which the taste of those who like them at all is more nice and delicate than it is in fairy tales; few also, we regret to say, in which catholicity of taste is less common. You will hear—we shall hear by quotation—a practitioner of some skill saying that a fairy tale must not be this, must be that, and so forth. We are inclined to think ourselves that in this, as in other cases, it may be anything, if it is good. And to our taste Mr. Lang's *Prince Ricardo of Pantoufia* is very good. It belongs, of course, to a very definite class, of which *The Rose and the Ring*, if not the earliest (for Perrault himself went very near the style), is the most famous example, and no doubt the immediate model. People who do not like their fairy tales humorous may not like it. The wiser sort, who reject not the apple of gold because it is in a picture of silver, will rejoice. Mr. Lang, who is nothing if not good-natured, has anticipated the probability of some of his readers not being familiar with the story of *Prince Prigio*, and has given a sufficient argument of that romance to lead up to the present. Ricardo, son and heir of Prigio and Rosalind, has inherited only one part of the paternal character. He is a desperate doer of prodigies, by dint of the family fairy implements, the Sword of Sharpness, &c., which he fetches out at any or no provocation, and carries off for the purpose of fighting giants, delivering princesses, and so forth. But he has no portion of Prigio's cleverness or love of books, and his careful parent is apprehensive that an unbroken course of inevitably successful enterprises may be doubtfully good for youth. Accordingly, he devises a scheme savouring a little of the paternal heroism of King Edward when he left the Black Prince to fight it out—but still more dangerous. He has a sham set of the invisible implements manufactured, and naturally enough the Prince gets into no small trouble with them. Indeed, the Yellow Dwarf, who always was a most unpleasant creature to tackle, very nearly makes an end of Ricardo. Nor is this the last of it, for even when—Prigio having come to the conclusion that his plan was likely to endanger the succession of Pantoufia—he has been restored to the enjoyment of the genuine chattels, his own misplaced chivalry induces him to forego one of their advantages in a fight with his old friend, the Giant who Doesn't Know when he has Had Enough, and the most alarming consequences follow. So much so, indeed, that Prigio has to return to his old ways himself, and, borrowing the Flying Horse from a most obliging Mogul, to visit the Moon first and the golden City of Manoa afterwards, before the Bowers of Bliss duly open and Ricardo is made happy and wise and removed from all trouble in passing his examinations. It was after this, doubtless, that he took to Political Economy and left us that Theory of Rent.

But the most interesting personage of this epic is, as usual, not Ricardo, nor Prigio, nor Queen Rosalind, nor even the Giant, an excellent Giant, though he would shock Mr. Macdonald—*vide infra*—for he talks Cockney. It is the Princess Jacqueline, whom Ricardo has saved in his usual way (*ante temp. of tale*), and who has been practically adopted by the King and Queen of Pantoufia.

* *Prince Ricardo of Pantoufia*. By Andrew Lang. Illustrated by Gordon Browne. Bristol: Arrowsmith.

Chinese Nights Entertainments. Translated by Adèle M. Fielde. Illustrated by Chinese Artists. London: Putnam's Sons.

The Light Princess; and other Fairy Tales. By George Macdonald. Illustrated by Maud Humphrey. London and New York: Putnam's Sons.

She, of course, repays Ricardo by falling in love with him, not in the least, at first, to the foolish youth's knowledge. Jacqueline is extremely pleasing. She is a magician, as all good princesses ought to be and generally are, and performs extremely ingenious *tours* on behalf of Ricardo. But she finds difficulties in her profession, and we are inclined to think that her reflection—"It is often difficult to be a magician and a good girl"—is one of the profoundest that we have recently met with in fiction or philosophy. It was occasioned by, or at least it accompanied, a very agreeable experiment out of Cornelius Agrippa, in "drinking the moon," whereby she naturally occasioned an eclipse, with consequences to the scientific people hardly less serious than those of the blow given with the dark lantern by Sam Weller to one of their fraternity on a celebrated night. Still, we think King Prigio was unreasonable when he remonstrated with her on this very score, asking whether it was honourable or fair to the scientific persons, and taking the poor child's Cornelius Agrippa away from her. This was more like a prig than a Prigio; for, if the scientific people do not know that magic can play tricks with their "hasty gs," so much the worse for them, and so much the better for them to learn it. And very nice girls are to be trusted with *all* books.

The episode of Ricardo's attempt to restore Prince Charlie—the real Prince Charlie—will affect different tastes differently. Some say you should never bring real people into fairy tales; but this, my brethren, must be erroneous, for Haroun was real, and so were many Saga heroes, by which we may perceive the contrary. And the conduct of King James III. is so extremely like his conduct when he fought, or did not fight, the duel with Esmond, though the circumstances are widely different, that the incident must be genuine. Also we learn here how Prince Charles Edward obtained that gift of attaching every one to him (except his wife). In short, though Mr. Lang insinuates that the moral of *Ricardo of Pantoufia* is immaterial, and indeed negligible, there is much to be learnt from it. But there is more to be enjoyed in it; and it is by the enjoyments that you know the good fairy tales, and not by the meanings or the morals, though the morals and the meanings are seldom missing.

The *Chinese Nights Entertainments*, which Miss, or Mrs., Fielde has translated, appear to be, like so many other collections of Oriental stories, parts or incidents of a larger whole—in this case a sort of drama or romance called the *Strayed Arrow*. We do not quite know whether this romance is identical with the thread which the author gives connecting the stories told by certain school boys and girls and their teacher, and carrying with it the loves of a disguised maiden of the name of Pearl for a certain Golden Branch, who gets more marks than Mr. Moulton himself. This thread, however, as not uncommonly happens, is less interesting than the stories themselves, and the stories themselves are chiefly interesting because of the variants which they supply of the well-known common form of tales. They are, like those formerly given by Mr. Giles and others, a very little bare and jejune, and are curiously lacking in the element of romance so well known in the *Arabian Nights* and other more westerly collections, and sometimes thought by the conceited Western mind to be due to intercourse between itself and the East. What they most resemble is that very interesting collection of tales from the valley of the Indus which we had occasion to mention a year ago. Like them, too, they are illustrated by native artists, and perhaps some lazy folk will not look much further than these most agreeable and very well reproduced examples of a style of art which somehow or other never wearies. For the Chinese tale has much less of the personal interest than the Indian—a circumstance either caused by or causing the fact that it is much shorter. Nevertheless, some of these are very good, despite the curious *naïveté* which always characterizes them, and does not always improve them. For instance, the first turns on the possession by a family of brothers, all physically alike, of different gifts of an extraordinary nature. One can drink the sea dry, another is incombustible, and so forth. The first, in the exercise of his gift, incurs, guiltlessly enough, a charge of murder, and is condemned to death. But according to the Chinese version of "Honour thy father and mother," he claims, and is allowed, the right of going home to take leave of his widowed parent. The brothers, as has been said, are exactly alike, and that one whose special gift is proof against the particular sentence takes the delinquent's place, and of course escapes. He is sentenced to a fresh penalty, but exercises the same privilege, and is replaced by another brother, equally invulnerable in the special case. And this goes on till the repeated escapes produce a conviction of innocence, every one supposing that they have been enjoyed by the same individual. This, in the particular form of it, could of course have happened in China only, and even there one wonders that they did not send A. 22 to superintend the

farewell, and prevent any little mistakes. Others, if not less full in detail of the *genius loci*, are, at bottom, variants of more general ideas. There are the two fruits (most famously utilized in "Alice's" adventures) which alternately produce and cure a deformity, and are used to recover lost advantages. There is the play on words, in which guilty persons put a meaning never meant on things said, and imagine themselves to be detected. There is, of course, the "youngest son"—here a daughter, as not uncommonly—and very many other old friends, welcome enough in dresses old or new.

The fairy tales—two of some length, *The Light Princess* and *The Carasyn*, with five shorter—which Messrs. Putnam's Sons have collected, with some very good illustrations by Miss Maud Humphrey, are spoken of by Mr. George Macdonald, in his preface, as old work; but there is no exact indication of their age, and we do not ourselves remember it, if we ever knew it. We should imagine, however, that they can hardly be as old as *Phantastes*, and they are certainly not the equal in merit of that very charming story. Indeed, the preface aforesaid seems to us (as its author appears to have had a foreboding that it might seem) to be rather an unfavourable criticism of them. That he speaks of himself as "driven to use the word fairy tale," no doubt, does not imply an apology for the unification of two words into one without so much as a hyphen for decency, upon which American parochialism insists. But, when Mr. Macdonald says that of all fairy tales (we must be excused for not further adopting the transmogrification) he thinks *Undine* the most beautiful, we will not insist about taste, though in our case a hearty affection for Kühleborn's niece is compatible with not placing her quite so high. We shall not even find fault with Mr. Macdonald's usual indulgences in a sort of transcendentalism *de pacotille*, full of phrases about a "fairy tale being like a sonata," and second-rate pomposities, such as "God's work cannot mean more than he meant; man's must mean more than he meant." For our parts we never use the word "cannot" in connexion with "God," and are rather shy of using the word "must" in connexion with "man." But the incongruity which strikes us is simpler than these. Mr. Macdonald says, "Imagine the gracious creatures of Fairyland talking Cockney or Gascon." But why? *cap de dious*! should they not talk Gascon, or, for the matter of that, Cockney either, if a sufficient artist chose to attempt even the latter adventure? The fairy tale, if anything, is *humanum*; and we trow that both D'Artagnan and Orthois were no other than men, and very pretty men too. This, however, is still not the point. When, after assuring the impossibility of Cockney fairy tales, Mr. Macdonald calls a fairy "Makemnoit," where is he? In a concatenation disaccordingly; or we are Gascons.

Having said this, we may say further that there seem to us to be not a few false notes and dropped stitches of the same kind in the tales. But to have named, as we named above, the author of *Phantastes* is equivalent to saying that there are many agreeable and some charming things in the book. As a whole, we think we like the last story, "Little Daylight," best; but there is much that is good in others, from the first onwards. As to Miss Humphrey's cuts, they are, as has been said, very pretty and successful. The owl listening to the child at p. 78 deserves to have been that immortal creature who will save Mr. Froude alive when people have forgotten the History of England and forgiven the Life of Carlyle; and you never saw a nicer boat, or a nicer lake, or even a very much nicer princess, than those depicted at the close of the first story.

THE DREAM OF POLIPHILUS.*

BEFORE the Venetian scholar Aldus Manutius began his issue of small, cheap books printed in Italic type, he had, in the latter years of the fifteenth century, produced several large and handsome works, one of which is pre-eminent among all the Italian books of the fifteenth century for the number and beauty of its woodcut illustrations. The text which these woodcuts are designed to illustrate is a strange, fanciful romance, largely told in allegories, the chief thread of which consists of a story of two lovers called Poliphilus and Polia, whose fidelity to one another, after many trials and difficulties, is crowned by a happiness which lasts beyond the narrow limits of this mortal life. The author of this weird romance, Francesco Colonna by name, though a professed Dominican Friar, appears to have been much more thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the old pagan mythology than with that of the religion to which he was supposed to belong.

His *Dream of Poliphilus* is a strange medley of classical myths, Greek and Roman inscriptions, and the theories of Vitruvius on Ancient Architecture, all of which were in Colonna's time beginning to excite such interest among the scholars and artists of Central and Northern Italy. The period of Colonna's long life, from about 1433 to 1527, coincides with the enthusiastic outburst of interest in the long neglected classical learning, which lasted with undiminished enthusiasm for more than half a century after the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, and the consequent arrival in Italy of many of the chief Greek scholars of the Eastern Empire. The chief glory, however, of this wonderful book is not so much the literary part of it as the magnificent series of woodcuts, no less than 172 in number, with which Aldus's handsome folio pages are decorated.

In point of style, these woodcuts are of the highest merit, the very crown and flower of the art of wood-engraving, simple in composition, and yet rich in effect, with firm broad lines drawn with a precision and certainty of touch which hardly any other class of art can rival, except perhaps the drawing on Greek vases of the fifth century B.C., and the decorations on the earlier sort of Italian maiolica, which was being executed at about the same time as the illustrations of the *Poliphilus*.

Numerous monographs and essays have been written on the apparently insoluble question as to who was the artist who produced these matchless illustrations. A generation ago they were variously attributed to Gian Bellini, Andrea Mantegna, and even to Raphael. Jacopo de' Barbari, Benedetto Montagna, Carpaccio, and several others have been suggested by different theorists as the designers of these woodcuts; but the problem is still unsolved, and probably will remain so. Little or no help is given by the fact that a few of the cuts are signed with a minuscule .b., which may stand for the name of the designer or of the engraver, supposing, as in this case is most probable, that they were not one and the same person. This same signature occurs on other Venetian woodcuts of similar style and date, as, for example, on some of the illustrations of the famous Bible of Malermi, printed in Venice a few years earlier than *The Dream of Poliphilus*; and again we find the same initial in a few of the woodcut pictures in a folio Venetian Dante of 1491. In point of style, most of the compositions in the *Hyperotomachia Poliphili* show clearly the influence of the chief Venetian painters of the time. One cut (No. 164), representing Poliphilus writing a love-letter to his mistress, Polia, is closely similar in composition to the lovely little picture of St. Jerome in his study, in the National Gallery; which is, with much probability, attributed to Gian Bellini. Another cut (No. 165) strongly recalls one of the paintings of the St. Ursula series, by Carpaccio, in the Venetian Academy—that in which the Princess is represented asleep in her pretty bedroom, with its simple furniture, and views of hills and trees seen through the open windows. In point of technical skill these woodcuts are as remarkable as in the beauty of their design. The greatest possible amount of effect is gained with the fewest possible number of lines, affording perfect models of what woodcuts ought to be, very useful for the student of the present day, when it appears to be the aim of so many skilful wood-engravers to make their work look like an etching, or an engraved copperplate, or anything rather than an impression from a wood-block with the lines cut in relief.

It is to supply students at a cheap rate with good models of style that the Science and Art Department has employed Mr. Griggs to reproduce by a photographic process the whole series of 172 woodcuts which decorate the pages of *The Dream of Poliphilus*. A good copy of the original work can now seldom be purchased for less than 50*l.*; it is, therefore, a great boon that students and lovers of Italian art generally can now purchase for five shillings so good a set of reproductions of the decorative portions of the volume. The reproductions, of course, are not quite equal in beauty to the originals. The brilliant quality of line printed from the relief-blocks is to some extent rendered dull and flat in the photographic process, and in many cases the woodcut ornaments lose much of their beauty and appropriateness by being separated from the printed text they were designed to decorate. Still, on the whole, the reproductions are very good, and the book would not be extravagantly dear if its price were five pounds instead of five shillings.

Dr. Appell's introductory notice, mainly compiled from the French and German treatises by M. Claudius Popelin and Dr. Albert Ilg, gives clearly and briefly a very interesting account of the original Italian edition of the *Poliphilus* printed by Aldus in 1499, and of all the subsequent editions and translations into French and English which have been produced down to the present day, including the curious and very rare Elizabethan version entitled *The Strife of Love in a Dream*, which was

* Reproductions of the Woodcuts in the *Dream of Poliphilus* (*Hyperotomachia Poliphili*), printed at Venice by Aldus in 1499. Reproduced for the Department of Science and Art by W. Griggs, 1893; with an Introductory Notice by J. W. Appell, Ph.D. New edition.

printed for Simon Waterson in 1592, and was again published by Mr. Andrew Lang in 1890.

Dr. Appell also gives a useful list of the woodcuts, with a note explaining the by no means obvious meaning of each, thus sparing the art student the laborious and somewhat wearisome task of struggling with the difficulties of the pedantic language and the very discursive motives of the Dream.

In one important respect this new edition is superior to the former one. It is printed on much better paper, the surface of which has not the unpleasant smoothness which so much injured the beauty of the designs in the first issue of these reproductions.

TWO VOLUMES OF RECOLLECTIONS.*

WE envy Miss Twining the satisfaction with which she must have written these *Recollections*. They are the modest record of most useful work, much of which she originated, and she has lived to see the fruits of her labours. In some respects she is a praiser of times past, especially in the matter of the education of children and young people. Yet she praises—and assuredly no one has a better right—the advances in wise legislation and the progress of intelligent philanthropy. Her own training was hardy and simple enough. There was no flattering of childish fancy; there was one dress for summer and another for winter; she was always sent to bed at reasonable hours, but as a treat she was allowed to repeat German and English poetry, sitting on her father's knee, and resting her head against his red velvet waistcoat. For there was much love, though no coddling; and, after all, she was much more favoured than her mother had been. It sounds incredible, but it explains the survival of the fittest, that Mrs. Twining in her girlhood, living in the coldest of English counties, had been brought up to dispense with fires, and had never worn woollen underclothing.

Miss Twining's parents kept open house for philanthropists and men of culture, among whom were many distinguished foreigners. As a girl of fifteen she remembers the visits of Von Raumer the German historian and of Von Waagen, who probably encouraged her in her early enthusiasm for art. A few years afterwards she had gone to Paris to study in the Bibliothèque Impériale, and to paint in the Louvre, as a preparation for her *Figures and Types of the Bible*. Already she had published a book on *The Symbols of Early Mediæval Christian Art*. For art was always her passion and favourite relaxation, though she subordinated it to her more serious pursuits. She was twenty-seven when she began her forty years' career in the cause of the poor and afflicted. We should scarcely have space even to sketch in outline the various schemes she initiated or founded. She began by visiting her poor neighbours in the Strand; and her sympathies were speedily warmed and quickened. The results of her long experience may be shortly summed up. She was reluctantly brought to believe in hereditary demoralization; and she found it almost hopeless to attempt to reclaim the dissipated, the drunken, and the thoroughly vicious. But the district visitor found frequent opportunity to succour the helpless victims of misfortune who were prostrated by illness or broken down by age, and who knew not where to look for help in their desolation and distress. Sometimes the expressions of heartfelt sympathy did as much to console these as actual relief. She was shocked at the condition of the Strand Workhouse, where the arrangements for the care of the sick were simply a disgrace to humanity. She was moved to write a series of letters to the *Guardian*, and subsequently had many interviews with the Poor-law authorities. Already the quiet lady was beginning to be recognized as a force, and she was undoubtedly one of the first to awaken the national conscience and set afoot a popular movement for social reforms. Next she carried her benevolent inspections into the country, and in the course of a single year she visited and reported on about a score of provincial hospitals. She soon found a fresh source of interest in the Children's Hospital, in Ormond Street. Again she was scandalized and almost discouraged by "the terrible state of things" revealed to her. The ailing children were generally the victims of their parents' vices, or of their miserable upbringing, and the only method of improving matters seemed to be by elevating and instructing the mothers. In 1861 she was occupied in establishing a home for workhouse girls, and there again she was almost in despair over the power and curse of heredity. With eyes fully opened as to the risks, she did her best to reclaim young women by taking released convicts as servants. The experiments proved melancholy failures, yet she did not

much blame the girls. They succumbed to drink rather than dishonesty. They were decent and fairly steady so long as they were shut up, but sooner or later they must have an outing. Then the smell of the spirits as they passed the public-houses had an irresistible attraction. Which disposes to her mind of the hopeful theories of the visionaries who would reclaim habitual drunkards by temporary seclusion. For these servants of hers had served sentences of six to ten years without tasting a single drop of alcohol. And in the lengthy catalogue of her many-sided beneficence we may only further advert to the homes she established for female art students, and to the trained nurses she secured for the sick poor at Worthing, Tunbridge Wells, and other watering-places where she happened to sojourn. There is much that is depressing in the story of her experiences; but, so far as active effort goes, it is satisfactory to be reminded that disinterested beneficence becomes an ever-increasing force, and that the authorities are either willing or constrained to encourage it.

The *Literary Recollections* of Mr. Espinasse is a thoughtful book and suggestive of thought. In the course of a long literary life he was thrown into the company of many distinguished men. In especial he enjoyed the intimacy of Carlyle, to whom about half the volume is devoted, and of whom, as it seems, we are never to hear the last word. Mr. Espinasse sets Mr. Froude right on several points—which it was not difficult to do; and adds not a few telling touches to the portraits of the cynical sage. Mr. Espinasse, who was bred in Edinburgh, is old enough to remember Walter Scott. He had seen the author of the *Tales of a Grandfather* driving into Jedburgh in his carriage, with fragile Hugh Littlejohn riding a pony by the side; and greatly did he envy the fortunate boy to whom these wonderful tales had been dedicated. He was privileged to come in with the dessert to a dinner-party given by an Edinburgh baillie when Tom Campbell was being fêted. The poet indulged pretty freely in brandy-and-water, and subsequently told sundry free-and-easy anecdotes which scandalized the grave divines who had been invited to meet him. Espinasse was disposed to worship Wordsworth, and walked fifteen miles from Kendal to Rydal, where he had a very cordial reception. The veteran warned the youth against a literary career, and suggested medicine as pleasanter and more profitable. Espinasse compromised by obtaining an appointment at the British Museum, where he served the altar with a fixed stipend. Fifty years ago, he says, the highest appointments went by favour, and he hints that the rule was to bestow them on the least worthy. He gives anything but a flattering report of Panizzi, whom he describes as boisterous and overbearing in manner, and behaving with gross partiality to the subordinates who chose to truckle to him. The annalist's connexion with the Museum Library enabled him to be useful to Carlyle, and the philosopher was not only grateful for those services, but seems to have taken a real fancy to him. He says what he can for his old patron and friend, but in his candour he certainly does not show the philosopher in any pleasing light. The most discontented and irritable of mortals saw all things in earth and heaven with a jaundiced eye. He spoke of religion, in the abstract, with contemptuous patronage, and regarded the Church of England "as an institution, apart from its theology, with a certain toleration." Success, and, above all, swift and easy success, was to him a self-evident sign of inferiority, and he treated everybody—even his old idol Goethe—with sublime intellectual superciliousness. He habitually depreciated Wordsworth; he valued his friend Tennyson chiefly as "an intelligent listener." He wrote to Mrs. Browning, who had sent him some poems, strongly recommending her to give up poetry for prose. Hallam was a Dryasdust, and Macaulay never said anything that was not entirely commonplace. Lord Lytton was a poor fribble, and previous to the appearance of *Vanity Fair* he had pronounced Thackeray's books to be wretched. But we are bound to say he had a single good word for De Quincey, declaring, with shrewd and sympathetic incisiveness, that the Opium-eater saw into the fibres of a thing.

Mr. Espinasse has a good deal to tell of George Lewes, and gives some striking examples of his critical sagacity and prescience. Lewes's praises first drew attention to the *Life Dramas* of Alexander Smith, and he at once recognized the genius in Hannay's *Singleton Fontenoy*, pronouncing it to be a remarkable work, displaying the exuberance of youth, with the promise of a ripe maturity. Of Hannay himself, whom he knew well, we hear much that is new; for no memoir of that brilliant writer ever appeared.

* *Recollections of Life and Work; being the Autobiography of Louisa Twining*. London: Edward Arnold. 1893.

Literary Recollections and Sketches by Francis Espinasse. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1893.

THE COMPLETE ANGLER.*

ALL that need be said about the Tercentenary Edition of Walton's *Complete Angler* may be said in very few words. The little book, with Cotton's treatise, occupies two quarto volumes of hand-made paper. The title-page, terribly crowded, shows that the art of title-page printing needs reformation. The biography is abridged from Hawkins, and, as a good deal of new matter has been recovered from documents since Hawkins wrote, the abridged biography can scarcely be called adequate. The illustrations are etchings after John Linnell, reproductions of Wale's pretty rococo designs, and other old plates, and drawings of the fauna of the riverside by Mr. G. E. Lodge. Among these very varied works of art, the woodcuts of animals are, perhaps, the best. Mr. Harting adds notes on natural history, and thus the two volumes are embellished.

As a practical angler Walton, of course, is behind the age; in fact, he is behind his own. Peter, in one dialogue, boasts of Piscator's skill "to catch and cook them, from a minnow to a salmon"; so we turn to the salmon, and learn that "he is said to breed, or cast his spawn, in most rivers in the month of August." "A happening fish" may possibly do so in some rivers; but salmon, as a rule, spawn from mid-October deep into the winter. What we commonly call a *kelt* Walton calls a kipper; still, he understands the nature of a kelt. He thinks that salmon usually lie in mid-stream, not near the bank; but near the bank he very often takes, even at the moment when you are lifting the line for a fresh cast. His lie really depends on the presence of suitable shoals and rocks. Only knowledge of a river can tell a man the right casts, and salmon are most conservative in always selecting the same points and places. Of worm, minnow, and fly, Walton remarks that he is very seldom seen to bite at a minnow. There are, of course, rivers and seasons when an angel is far more deadly than the fly; not that we approve of angling for salmon with the minnow if there is any chance with the fly at all. On some streams "the estrument" is prohibited; on others demoralized fish see little else. On a Highland stream where, in local opinion, salmon would not look at a minnow, we have found both salmon and sea-trout partial to it in a high water. Worms are commonly used in a kind of ball—several of them at once on the hook; and it is a wretched truth that men who know better will try worms in a low, clear water, contrary to good taste and the laws of the game. "Some use a wheel about the middle of their rods," says Walton vaguely, "or near their hand." When they did not use a "wheel," they must have employed very strong rods, and lines like ropes. Drops of oil of ivy berries, as employed by "Oliver Henley, now with God," have given place, among poachers, to salmon-roe, a lure known to Thomas Barker, who wrote a few years before Walton. Of salmon-flies Walton says not one word, but the contemporary angler, Richard Franck, shows that those in use were not unlike our own, though less fanciful and with less tinsel. Probably Walton never fished for salmon, and we may be certain that he never caught one. Perch were more in his line. He catches, or says he catches, trout over 4 lbs. weight with worm; and this, no doubt, he may have done. Trout up to 7 lbs. are occasionally got, with artificial Mayfly, on the Kennet. On the Hampshire rivers a trout over 4 lbs. very seldom takes the fly; the big ones are cannibals, and grow to 12 or 15 lbs. if not interfered with and doomed to some shameful death. Walton, in spite of Barker, believes in the "jury of twelve" artificial flies; and he thinks a blustering windy day the best. It is the best, of course, for "chucking and chancing it" on long dead reaches of water above a mill, which you fish exactly as you fish a Highland loch. But a blustering day is very trying to the dry-fly fisher's delicate art in a more rapid stream. The wind is always apt to be down stream; in a strong up-stream wind, which checks the floating natural flies, we have known trout very greedy and the dry fly very deadly. When he comes to the practice of fly-fishing, Walton frankly borrows from Barker, whose book (1651-1653) must be very rare indeed in the original editions. There is a reprint of a hundred copies only, made early in the present century. Barker approved of a light rod, unlike the iron-bound weaver's beam of Dame Juliana Berners. He fished down stream, and he would not in that manner beguile many of the Hampshire trout. Walton's idea that the fly alone should touch the water reduces fishing to "dapping"; the gut cannot be kept off the water. "One hair" was Barker's ideal. Gut seems to be first mentioned as a curiosity by Pepys. Walton soon turns to angling with the natural May-

fly, an odious practice, at one time only too common near Stockbridge. Thus our father Izaak is a delightful writer, but as a fisher deserves the injurious comments of Richard Franck.

ATHLETICS IN ITALY.*

THE pleasure which we feel in being praised seems, somehow or other, if not reasonably, yet certainly heightened when the words of praise come to us in a tongue not our own; and a further more reasonable heightening is ensured if the praise be uttered, not of set purpose, but incidentally, for the sake of enforcing an argument in the midst of talk of other things. Some such sensation may be felt by any Englishman who will take the trouble to read this little work on "The Physical Education of Youth," or, as we would rather put it, "On the Training of the Body in Youth," written by the distinguished Professor of Physiology in the University of Turin, who has earned the right to speak on this subject as well by his numerous ingenious researches on muscular movements and their effects as by the possession of a simple, unaffected power of exposition which has made him a favourite author among his own people. Throughout the book may be traced the wish—sometimes openly expressed, sometimes easily to be inferred as present in the writer's mind—that the youth of Italy might, so far as pertains to their bodies, become like to the youth of England. Moreover, there runs through all the pages a deep sympathy with that political doctrine which, until these latter days at all events, was thought to be characteristic of the Englishman, the doctrine which teaches the duty of leaving as much as possible to the spontaneous efforts of the individual, and of appealing as little as possible to interference by the State.

Professor Mosso takes for granted—as he, indeed, has a right to do—that the circumstances of modern life make against the proper growth of the body. He assumes that the increase of sedentary occupations, the press of people into crowded cities, the imperious demands of the school, and other influences, all tend, unless corrected, to weaken the frame, to soften the muscles, to narrow the chest, to lighten the bones, to dull or deform the senses, and so to render the whole body, if not actually deformed, at least less fit to endure fatigue and to resist disease. He seems, indeed, to think that Italy sins in this respect even above other nations. And his book is an attempt to give, in popular language, an answer to the question, How may this evil best be met?

He discusses at some length the value, for this purpose, of gymnastics as a compulsory part of school and collegiate education. He examines, with this view, both the German and Swedish systems of gymnastics. He weighs both in the physiological balance, and, while both are found by him to be wanting, it is the German system which he criticizes with special severity. He maintains that the German system is physiologically unsound because it calls into action only certain, instead of all the, muscles of the body, and calls even these into action in a wrong way. He argues on physiological grounds that the increased bulk of muscle, which is an undoubted result of such gymnastic exercises, is of the nature of a pathological phenomenon, not a sure token of real strength. He blames the exercises for insisting on artificial and strange movements which no man in actual life is ever called upon to make, and for shutting up the pupil in a closed building instead of driving him into the open air. He inveighs against the artificial and pedantic characters which the system has assumed in its present development, worrying the brain, as it now does, with its complex directions and intricate commands. But, above all, he condemns it on the ground that it has converted what ought to be a pure recreation into a joyless dismal scientific performance, whose only excitement is based on theatrical display or injurious emulation.

In contrast to these artificial gymnastics, physiologically unsound, unattractive, as experience shows, for the most part to youth, and, therefore, having little moral influence, needing to be maintained by the pressure of authority and at great expense, the author places those natural gymnastics which are the spontaneous results of the animal spirits of youth, and which we call by the other names of "games" and athletic exercises. These he maintains, no less on physiological than on moral grounds, afford the best means for bringing up the body in the way in which it should grow. And the whole burden of the little treatise is a cry from the author to his countrymen that, whether through encouragement by the State or through private effort, they should bring about the revival among Italian

* *The Complete Angler*. Tercentenary Edition. London: Bagster & Sons. 1893.

* *L'educazione fisica della gioventù*. Di Angelo Mosso. Milano: Fratelli Treves. 1894.

youth of athletic games and manly pastimes. In rowing, in running, in swimming, in climbing, in fencing, in various games of ball, needing for their full development the attendant blessings of pure open air, all forming the character, while they mould the body, nurturing bravery, firmness, endurance, and patience through joyous friendly spontaneous contention—in these, not in antics on parallel bars, and in simian contortions on hanging ropes, in the thick atmosphere of a crowded room, does this Italian physiologist look for the bodily salvation of the youth of his land.

He points to England as showing, in a concrete form, much of what he wishes to see established in Italy, and in a genial chapter or two describes, for the benefit of his countrymen, some aspects of English athletic life. The enthusiastic praises which he bestows on the pastimes of our Universities, of our schools, and of our people may, perhaps, be not wholly deserved. He may be wrong in regarding the crowds which gather to see the University Boat-race or the Eton and Harrow match as a simple expression of the national desire to train the body aright; and he does not take into account the fact that, in commerce and in the arts, England is being steadily beaten out of the field by a nation which rows very badly and cannot play cricket at all. Nevertheless, it may be well to note that a stranger looking at us from a scientific standpoint deliberately commends, and indeed presses his own country to imitate, our national attitude towards athletic prowess as one of the first duties of man. So far from thinking that at our Universities athletic exercises are "overdone," and that at our public schools lessons give way too much to holidays and games, he would have his own countrymen do likewise; "more play and less work" are exactly the words which he would adopt as the motto for Italian schools.

A strain of melancholy regret is seen in the contrast which the author draws between the habits of the Italian and of the English youth of the present day, a regret which finds almost passionate expression when he calls to mind that the games which he now urges his countrymen to borrow back from us were in old times taken by us from them. And in a brief chapter, which might profitably be extended and developed, he gives a short sketch of the popular games in Italy in the period of the Renaissance, showing how the games which are now characteristically English were in a rudimentary form at least the common and popular pastimes of the Italians of that time.

One reflection borne in upon the English reader of this Italian book may, perhaps, be noticed before we end, as indicating between the countries a difference which, perhaps, we English do not always bear in mind. Throughout every chapter and almost every page there runs this thought: That training of the whole man so that his sound body may bear fatigue and his sound mind face danger, which is the end of all true athletic care, while it brings good in times of peace, has yet another reward when the safety of the country is imperilled by war.

DOD AND DEBRET.*

THOUGH the titles of these two books look so much alike, they are very different as to their contents. The volume which bears the now time-honoured name of *Dod* is simply a dictionary or directory of people who enjoy titles. Peers, Privy Councillors, baronets, knights, all are included impartially, and within small compass we have a handy and useful book of reference. In *Debrett*, too, we recognize an old friend; but *Debrett* gives us peers, baronets, knights, and companions in separate registers, and also favours us with cuts of the arms, crests, and supporters of the first two classes. The two books are, in fact, so different that no comparison can be instituted between them, and in making a few notes for the guidance of our readers we do not wish to appear as if instituting any such comparison.

The most careful chapter in *Dod* has long been that which deals with Precedence, a difficult subject. Modifications have from time to time been introduced, and if the language was a little more precise, we might be enabled to praise the chapter more unreservedly. In the part which relates to "University Precedence" we are gravely told that Oxford was founded in 886 and Cambridge in 1110. It is time such absurdities were expunged. Since 1869, in Ireland at the Viceregal Court, bishops of the Church of Ireland rank with Roman Catholic bishops according to date of consecration, and both rank where the Irish bishops did before Disestablishment—namely, between viscounts and barons. We notice a few misprints in *Dod*. Thus, in one place

* *Dod's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage for 1894*. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1894.

Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage for 1894. London: Dean & Son.

we have "Balvaid," in another "Balvaïd"; in one place we have "Montague," and in another "Montagu." There is a curious chapter in the preliminary pages on the inferior titles of peers. It really relates to such cases as that of the two Earls of Mar which was prominently before the public a few years ago. In addition to the names here mentioned we have now an Earl of Berkeley and a Baroness Berkeley. It is curious to observe that, according to a table on p. 73, seven English counties are unappropriated as titles. Strictly speaking, there are only six—for the Earl of Shrewsbury is really earl of the county of Salop—or five, if we reckon Hampshire as included in the barony of Southampton.

The mistakes in *Debrett* are more numerous than those in *Dod*, because *Debrett* goes in for heraldry. In this department there is still, as in former years, something to be desired. The heraldic editor is, on the one hand too scrupulous, and on the other too careless. Lately Lord Hampden, whose arms were perfectly well known, and figured in former editions, succeeded to the old barony of Dacre. On this account *Debrett* leaves him with a blank shield, and remarks that his arms are not yet granted at the Herald's College. Supposing he had been a duke instead of a viscount, would he have required a new grant of arms on inheriting a barony? A misapprehension seems to exist as to the surnames of ladies who hold baronies in their own right. *Dod* avoids the difficulty. But *Debrett*, meddling with heraldry, finds himself unable to meet it. Under "Berkeley" we have the arms of the baroness, till lately Mrs. Milman, given as those of Berkeley, and placed on a lozenge. They ought, of course, to be Milman, with Berkeley on an inescutcheon. So, too, with "Berners." The arms of the baroness are those of Wilson and are placed on a lozenge, while no notice occurs of the arms of Tyrwhitt. Under "Basing" last year we had a single shield of arms, although the noble lord boasts of two surnames, Sclater and Booth. To which of these the arms belonged we were not told. Seeing that there is something the matter here, the heraldic editor has solved the difficulty this year by putting in no arms, with the note, "not recorded at Herald's College." In the notice of Lord Egmont we see nothing as to the late Lady Mary Perceval, her marriage, or her surviving family. The late Lord Cromartie has neither crest nor motto. His arms are those of Macleod and Mackenzie, while his surnames are given as Sutherland Leveson Gower. In a preliminary list of "Occurrences during Printing," Lord Cromartie's premature death in November last is announced, with the following odd note:—"The title fell into abeyance between his two daughters." There is such a tangle of puzzleheadedness here that it seems worth while to try and ascertain the meaning of the sentence and the actual state of affairs. The title was conferred by Queen Victoria on the first wife of the late Duke of Sutherland. The Duchess was created Countess of Cromartie, with remainder to her second son. The title was not by writ of summons, nor was it in the peerage of Scotland. It was an ordinary modern earldom, with a limitation, in the peerage of the United Kingdom. If it had been created by writ of summons, we might, as in the case of the Berkeley baronage, just mentioned, have expected it to fall into abeyance between the Earl's daughters. So, too, if it had been a Scottish title, we could understand that it went to the eldest daughter. As it is simply a modern earldom, like Lord Beaconsfield's or Lord Redesdale's, it becomes extinct. Under no conceivable circumstances could it fall into abeyance, and the only possibility of its being inherited by the eldest daughter of the late lord would have been the very unlikely chance of a clause in the patent, as originally granted to the Duchess of Sutherland. This, in fact, is just the kind of case in which the general reader expects guidance. The mistake is accentuated in the preface where the words "in reality" are added to increase the absurdity of the statement that the title has fallen into abeyance. When did *Debrett* or anybody else meet another case of "abeyance" in a peerage of the United Kingdom? A little attention to the department which deals with matters of this kind, but especially with the heraldry, would make this an even more useful volume than it is.

THE ALDINE HERRICK.*

WITH the re-issue of the "Aldine" poets a new edition of Herrick was something which lovers of poetry might reasonably have looked for, if only on account of the remarkable revival of general interest in the poet, brought about by recent critical study of the poet's work. Herrick may be said to have received little editorial attention until our own times. Perhaps

* *The Poetical Works of Robert Herrick*. Edited by George Saintsbury. 2 vols. London: George Bell & Sons. 1893.

the poet of one volume, which Herrick virtually is, affords no very exacting field for the labours of an editor. His work, in this instance, was published in his lifetime, and represents, misprints apart, an authoritative text. It was not until two years after the publication of the *Hesperides* and the *Noble Numbers* that there appeared in one of the poetic miscellanies of the day, which were of the same family as the older popular anthologies of Elizabethan times, a considerable number of Herrick's poems that differed from the text of the first edition of the poet's works. It is with these "variants" that Herrick's editors and commentators have been chiefly engaged; and they are not all of one mind as to their value and importance. Mr. Saintsbury, who is responsible for the edition before us, deals with these matters and the researches of Mr. Pollard and Dr. Grosart in the critical spirit which experience of his editorial judgment leads us to look for in him. He recognizes the interest that attaches to the variations from Herrick's text which are presented in *Wit's Recreations*; but he finds the interest to be the merest interest of curiosity. They appear in the appendix to each volume, in the main from Dr. Grosart's text, and are regarded by Mr. Saintsbury as not of the Herrickian canon, but as Apocrypha. We cannot see how it is possible to hold any other view of the sixty or seventy poems by Herrick that were first printed in *Wit's Recreations* two years after the publication of Herrick's poetical works. Had they appeared before that publication in the first edition of *Wit's Recreations*, they might have been considered genuine productions, subsequently revised by the poet's own text. But their publication in a miscellany two years after the authorized publication of Herrick's poems merely looks like a testimony to the popularity of the poet's volume, or a personal proof of admiration on the part of the editor of *Wit's Recreations*. "It is nearly inconceivable," Mr. Saintsbury remarks, with irrefutable force, "that so soon after getting his own book out, Herrick should have himself revised part of it for miscellany publication, not to mention that in nearly every case the text is in much worse condition."

Mr. Saintsbury's chief aim, therefore, has been to print an accurate text, exactly collated from that of the *editio princeps*, steering a discreet middle course between absolute modernization of Herrick's spelling and precise reproduction. He has respected the singularities of the poet's notions of orthography. Thus he retains "baptism" for baptism, and in other judicious observances of Herrickian forms has deserved well of all lovers of the poet. He respects, too, the odd, and to our eyes often barbarous and ugly, elisions, some of which are of no metrical value whatever, and remind us of certain modern verse-writers who delight in "v'let" for violet, as if distrustful of their readers' ears. Mr. Saintsbury does not follow the example set by Mr. Pollard in his excellent edition, of separating the more unworthy of Herrick's epigrams from the more reputable poems of their company. Truly these epigrams are poor stuff, and in nothing was Herrick less of "a son of Ben" than in the making of them. Jonson's and Drummond's may be, in many instances, even coarser than Herrick's, yet they have wit and learning and poetry, which are quite absent from those of the *Hesperides*. It is curious, considering Herrick's claims to election in the tribe of Ben, how little Jonsonian is the spirit of his lyrics. That "Night-piece to Julia," for example (II. 620), is a direct imitation of Jonson, and nothing flatter in effect could be conceived. Yet, when all is said on this point, this section of Herrick's work is, as Mr. Saintsbury observes, "rather an excrescence than a fault in grain," and the poet's defects are connected "in a singular and intimate manner with his excellences." The personal element in his poetry is one of the chief sources of its charm, and in quality and kind the charm of Herrick is like nothing in English poetry.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

ALTHOUGH Bernard van Orley (1) is not unknown in English collections, and his works are scattered (rather thinly) over the Continent, it is probable that only those who have seen the collection in the Musée of his native city, Brussels, have a very distinct idea of his style. It is marked enough, and interesting as showing the influence of the great changes which had taken place in Italian art on the methods and ideals of the painters of the Netherlands. M. Wauters—most learned and patriotic of Bruxellois—defends his townsman vigorously against the charge of being a corrupter of the old ways, but into this question we need not enter. With his positive estimate of Van

Orley we have little fault to find. The portraits of Charles V. in his youth, of William Norman, of Margaret Numan and her daughters, of Philip Hanneken and his sons, have a most remarkable quality and dignity; while in a different style the pictures of the deaths of the Just and the Unjust, which serve as backs to the shutters of the triptych on Job, dwell in the memory (refreshed by the reproduction here), though it is long since we saw them. From some copies of drawings in the Louvre which appear, Van Orley must also have been a remarkable master of those crowded, but carefully finished, studies for tapestries, *cassone*-panels, or what not, of which the early Italians were so fond. M. Wauters guesses that the battle intended in the designs he gives was no less a one than Pavia; and, whatever it was, they are singularly good.

M. Edouard Garnier's authority in his subject as Conservator at the Sèvres Museum is, of course, very high; and his Dictionary of marks, signatures, wares, makers, places of make, and so forth (2), will, no doubt, be a welcome addition to the shelves of specialists and collectors. But for the profane or half-learned public the chief attraction of a handsome and instructive volume must lie in the twenty separate page-plates of coloured illustrations with which he has adorned his book. We have seldom seen anything of the kind at once more instructively arranged and more delicately and delightfully executed. The first plate—examples of Nevers ware—arranged so as to show the double influence of Italian and Oriental models, exhibits at once the merits of the scheme adopted; but in mere beauty it yields to others which follow. Anything, for instance, prettier than the arabesques and other things illustrating the Rouen school in the second plate it would be very unreasonable to require; and this is also true of the third plate as well, the subject of which is still Rouen. The designs of Plate iv. are more commonplace; but with Plate v., which passes to Moustiers, we return to the semi-Italian, semi-Oriental scheme, which is extremely attractive. The subjects of Plate vi. are more rococo; but it would be difficult to have anything more delicate than the borders lettered f. g. and h. Hardly as much can be said for the first plate of examples of the Paris schools in Plate vii. A fat nurse with a fatter naked baby under a basket-chair under a tree like a wet feather, the component barbs of which are alternately red and green, is the kind of thing which, though the human mind tends to repeat it in materials that have acquired durability by passing through the fire, can never be other than trivial and hideous. Plate viii. makes amends with some Marseilles designs, charming in foliage and flowers, and not ugly in figure-pieces. Some of the other Southern schools figure, with examples of varying merit, in Plate ix.; but Plate x. takes us back to the North, to Lille and neighbouring places, where a most exquisite edging coming from Saint-Amand may be noticed. This detailed notice of the first half of the plates will give an idea of what may be expected in the second, where some foreign, especially Italian, types will be found, together with delightful examples of Delft. Indeed, there is nothing better anywhere than the sixteenth plate, which is devoted to this latter. England, though by no means neglected in the text, has, we think, but a single illustration.

Russia still dominates the numbers of M. Grand-Carteret's *Le livre et l'image* for the end of last year; but the ingenious editor has hit on a plan of giving something more than ephemeral interest to Russian subjects by furnishing a large and curious assortment of popular Russian cuts and caricatures, having nothing whatever to do with France or with current politics. We gather that here, as everywhere else, naïf national characteristics are disappearing; but if the examples which M. Grand-Carteret gives are of anything like recent date they are disappearing slowly. Some of the cuts, illustrating folk-stories and the like, are positively mediæval, and the most advanced can hardly be said to have reached a much greater state of sophistication than similar cuts in other parts of Europe would have shown in the sixteenth or seventeenth century. This is fortunate for the Russians; for nothing could so well show that they are still young, and if youth is a great thing for a man, it is everything for a nation.

The author of *Mon oncle et mon curé* can write nothing that is not out of the vulgar way; but we have read books of his that we liked better than *Un vaincu* (3). The fact, as it seems to us, is that the hopeless and worse than hopeless (inasmuch as it is allowed to hope for a time) love of a deformed man for a beautiful girl falls clearly within the limits of that situation, or class of situations, against which Joubert in France and Mr. Arnold in England have wisely, but too often vainly, warned the artist—

(1) *Les artistes célèbres—Bernard van Orley*. Par Alphonse Wauters. Paris: Librairie de l'Art.

(2) *Dictionnaire de la céramique*. Par Edouard Garnier. Paris: Librairie de l'Art.

(3) *Un vaincu*. Par Jean de la Brète. Paris: Pion.

situations which are monotonously painful, teasingly desperate. M. de la Brète has diversified his scheme with some minor figures, two of which at least—the old aunt and her servant—are excellent; but the drawback of the central situation remains.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

NO branch of science has supplied richer contributions to "the fairy-tales of science" than entomology. Mr. L. N. Badenoch's *Romance of the Insect World* (Macmillan & Co.) has much of the charm of fairy-lore, and proves the peculiar felicity of the poet's phrase when applied to the world of insects. It is also one of the most admirable of the numerous books on the romance of natural history that are now so popular. Mr. Badenoch's style is clear and expressive. His exposition of scientific matters is as simple and direct as language can be in treating of complex subjects, such as the metamorphoses of insects, and thoroughly intelligible to the general reader—for whose assistance, by the way, a useful glossary of terms is appended. The many-sided interest of the life-history of spiders and flies, beetles and butterflies, bees and wasps, is set forth in an extremely entertaining fashion. Mr. Badenoch deals with the food and habits of insects, their methods of labour or warfare, the architecture of their dwellings, whether social or solitary, citing examples that are familiar or unfamiliar, drawn from a large field and most modern authorities. The subject of mimicry and protective resemblance occupies the two final chapters, and is treated with the skill that so important and complex a theme demands. Here, again, instances of protective imitation are cited that should be familiar to ordinary readers, as well as the more remarkable examples of the tropics, described by Dr. Wallace and others, such as the insects that ingeniously play the cuckoo's part, or even a bolder game, like the mantis observed by Mr. Bates that exactly resembles the white ants it lives with and upon. This section of the book, with certain other chapters, is illustrated with drawings from the works of Belt, McCook, A. R. Wallace, Bates, and other sources. The original illustrations by Margaret J. D. Badenoch comprise some capital drawings of the solitary wasp's nest, the habitation of the trapdoor spider, and other curiosities of insect life.

Like some other of the older periodicals devoted to art, *The Portfolio* (Seeley & Co.) has at length changed with the changing times, and the new volume for 1893 is the last we shall see of this excellent journal in its old familiar form. Still under the excellent guidance of Mr. Hamerton as editor, it starts upon a new career this month, and each successive number of the *Portfolio* will comprise a critique or review of some single subject of artistic interest. The new scheme, we cannot doubt, will meet the favour of artists and lovers of art. We have no serial in England that is at all correspondent with *L'Art* or a *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, and any approach to a journal that represents the purely artistic interests of art is worthy of acclamation. The periodical of an artistic cast that is a miscellany cannot hold the position that is taken by the artistic journal pure and simple. Even in the *Portfolio*, as in the handsome volume now before us, there have been contributions, and lengthy ones, that are of very meagre artistic interest, though doubtless popular with the general. Under the new order such anomalies will find no place, while in the matter of illustration we may be confident, from past experience of Mr. Hamerton's editorial control, that the excellence of the *Portfolio* will be more than sustained.

The art of working in lead—whether it be the casting of the sculptor's work in this metal, or the decoration of the surface, flat or round, or the numerous architectural uses of lead—is an ancient art that has fallen upon evil days. In his interesting and well-illustrated little book, *Lead-work* (Macmillan & Co.), Mr. Lethaby treats of "old and ornamental lead-work, and for the most part English." He shows that there is still remaining in England much beautiful work in lead. In old gardens there is an abundance of urns, statues, sun-dials, fountains, and decorated cisterns. Some of these examples are constantly mistaken for stone-work, owing to the injudicious scraping or colouring of them. "There is a plague of paint," says Mr. Lethaby, "over old lead-work." Lead should be "gilt, or let alone"—an admirable judgment, which unhappily was not observed in the eighteenth century. Among other examples of lead-work in which the country is well endowed, we may note early church fonts; leaded spires—as at Chesterfield and Barnstaple; pierced lead-work panels and similar work in roofing; roof pipes and pipe-heads; inscribed plaques; and finials or sculptured figures on the piers of park gates. Apart from the beauty of many of the examples described and illustrated in Mr. Lethaby's book,

lead is a material admirably adapted to the English climate. If untouched by aught save the weather, it acquires a beautiful tone. Unfortunately, science in this matter, as in others, is the enemy. Modern lead, being "desilverized," turns black. Mr. Lethaby's book is full of archaeological and artistic interest, and is illustrated by some eighty woodcuts.

The mention of the leaded spire of Chesterfield suggests some notice of Mr. Albert J. Foster's little book descriptive of North-eastern Derbyshire—*Round about the Crooked Spire* (Chapman & Hall)—which, though "not a guide-book," as the writer observes, is a useful companion for tourists. Mr. Foster's itinerary may be described as a ten-mile circular tour, of which Chesterfield forms the centre. Within the circuit are historic houses, such as Bolsover and Hardwick, and a country that is more varied in character than is usual with a ten-mile radius. Mr. Foster is an agreeable guide, and has illustrated his chatty volume from his own pencil with success.

Llantwit Major, by Alfred C. Fryer, M.A. (Elliot Stock), discusses a subject of great archaeological interest—Llantwit, the "fifth-century University, its founders and their work"—and is an enlarged form of a paper read by the author at the meeting of the British Archaeological Association at Cardiff last year. The reconstruction on paper of a fifth-century University in Wales is a task that even Mr. Oldbuck might have shrunk from attempting, and Mr. Fryer follows no such vain fancy, but observes the better way of the historic method and the true spirit of the antiquary. He deals with the remarkable buildings at Llantwit, which the late Mr. Freeman likened to a miniature St. David's, systematically, also as a topographer, with clearness and exactness, as the visitor who takes with him Mr. Fryer's book for guidance will acknowledge. He sketches the history of famous teachers and students of Llantwit, from St. David and St. Padarn to Elphin, the son of Gwyddno, a goodly band of saints and scholars; and he pictures the course of study at St. Illtyd's college, and the chief features of the University town in those primitive times. And in these several aims, as we have said, Mr. Fryer displays a commendable spirit.

Mr. J. H. Pearce's *Drolls from Shadowland* (Lawrence & Bullen) is a book of grim or gracious fancies, mostly illustrative of Cornish folk and their beliefs, and, when not of local character, somewhat allegorical. Some of the stories tell of those who make unholy bargains and sell their souls. There is "The Man who Coined his Blood for Gold," and "The Man who Met Hate," both marked by an imaginative power and a kind of fancy that recalls Tieck. "The Man who could Talk with the Birds" is delightful. "No rest cud a' git, poor chuckle-head! for wantin' to larn to spyake weth they." Unlike others in fairy lore who have desired to learn of birds, he hears nothing but commonplace talk among the birds, when he has been instructed by a witch, who claps him under a cromlech for his schooling. Here he spends all his life, unconscious of time; and when he comes forth in the end he is a poor old ignorant creature, and dies in the workhouse.

Social Aims, by the Earl and Countess of Meath (Wells Gardner & Co.), is a volume of papers on philanthropic or social improvement schemes, reprinted from various reviews and magazines. The more interesting of these essays are those descriptive of schemes actually in operation, such as "Labour Colonies in Germany" and "A Model Dairy," by Lord Meath, and the papers on "Swedish Institutions" and "The Little Sisters of the Poor," by Lady Meath. There are some good suggestions in Lord Meath's "Work for the London Council." The making of "leafy boulevards" and "glazed arcades" in London might lead to pleasant results. But the shopkeepers have always shown an inveterate prejudice about colonnades or arcades, and as to trees, the disgraceful mutilation of them by official gardeners makes the sight of trees more painful to lovers of trees than their total absence would be. One fine tree in the Embankment Gardens were worth vastly more than the fifty wretched "Noah's Ark" specimens that are annually clipped that they should not conceal the noble modern architecture between Somerset House and the Adelphi.

The White Canoe, by William Trumbull, illustrated by F. V. du Mond (Putnam's Sons), is a poem based on an Indian legend, according to which the fairest daughter of the tribe was sacrificed to the spirit of Niagara Falls, by drifting in a white birch-bark canoe over the Falls. In Mr. Trumbull's poem the incident is vigorously portrayed. The beautiful Wenonah is united in death with her father, who at the critical moment sets forth in his canoe and joins in her triumphant end. Mr. F. du Mond's spirited drawings are admirably reproduced by photogravure, and are excellent studies from Indian life, as well as excellent illustration of the romantic legend.

Messrs. Constable's new *Hand Atlas of India* (Westminster :

Constable & Co.), prepared by Mr. J. G. Bartholomew from Ordnance and other surveys, is an extremely valuable collection of sixty maps or plans, ingeniously devised to illustrate the political and physical geography of India, with the products, rainfall, railways and canals, military districts, languages, mission stations, climate, density of population, geology, and other important subjects. The maps are beautifully printed, and most convenient in scale and arrangement, while the book form—a handy book form—is a boon to all who shall consult the Atlas. There is a full general index to places for reference purposes and compact census tables.

Like the well-known "Pocket Atlas" of the same publisher, Justus Perthes's *Atlas Antiquus* (Gotha: Perthes; London: Dulau & Co.), an atlas of the ancient world, by the late Dr. Albert van Kampen, is a complete and compact little book, and a handy key to ancient geography. The Atlas comprises twenty-four maps and a reference table of some seven thousand names.

The new volume of *Cottage Gardening* (Cassell & Co.), edited by Mr. William Robinson, is stored with practical information with reference to all departments of gardening, and to subjects somewhat removed from the garden, such as cookery, house-keeping, allotments, and poultry. Among the many features of this useful and marvellously cheap journal—it is a halfpenny weekly—we notice a kind of dictionary of "Gardening Terms," "Seasonable Work," "Vegetables," "Fruit," all continuous week by week, and all strictly applicable to the time of year.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

ADVERTISEMENTS intended for the SATURDAY REVIEW should be addressed to Messrs. R. ANDERSON & Co., 14 Cockspur Street, or to the OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON. A printed Scale of Charges can be obtained on application.

Now ready, VOLUME LXXVI., bound in cloth, price 16s. Cloth Cases for Binding all the Volumes, price 2s. each. Also Reading Cases, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. each. May be had at the Office, or through any Bookseller.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is duly registered for transmission abroad.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE PANTOMIME, "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK." Invented and produced by Oscar Barrett. Written by Horace Lennard. Ballets arranged by Madame Katti Lennard. EVERY AFTERNOON, at 3, and Thursday and Saturday evenings, at 7.30. Numbered Seats, 2s. 6d., 2s. 3d., 1s. (may be booked one month in advance); Unnumbered Seats, 1s. and 6d.

BLONDIN, at the age of seventy, and thirty-three years after his first visit, has returned to the CRYSTAL PALACE, the scene of his first British triumphs. The most exciting, astounding, and sensational free show in London. EVERY EVENING at 8.30. No extra charge.

INSURANCES, BANKS, &c.

CALEDONIAN INSURANCE COMPANY. FOUNDED 1808.
FIRE. EDINBURGH: 19 GEORGE STREET. LIFE.

LIFE ASSURANCES granted with or without medical Examination.

New and Improved Plan of long term temporary Assurances, with right to change to Ordinary Life Assurance without fresh evidence of health.

Policies Non-forfeitable and World-wide in most cases.

LONDON: 82 KING WILLIAM ST., E.C., & 14 WATERLOO PLACE, PALL MALL, S.W.

SETTLEMENT ASSURANCES.

NO TRUSTEES REQUIRED.

INCOME of 5% on Sum Assured GUARANTEED to Husband during Old Age and to Widow. Policy Monies reserved for the Children.

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE, LONDON, E.C.
Or to WEST-END BRANCH, 20 PALL MALL, S.W.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES TO PRIVATE INSURERS.

THE IMPERIAL INSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED. FIRE
Est. 1901—1 OLD BROAD STREET, E.C.; and 20 PALL MALL, S.W.
Subscribed Capital, £1,200,000. Paid-up, £200,000. Total Funds, £1,600,000.
E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

ESTD.
1837.

MUTUAL ASSURANCE. MODERATE PREMIUMS.

THE PREMIUMS are so moderate that, at usual ages for Assurance, £1,300 or £1,250 may generally be secured from the first for the yearly payment which elsewhere is charged (with profits) for £1,000 only—equivalent to an immediate Bonus of 30 to 25 per cent.

THE WHOLE PROFITS are divided among the Policy-holders, on a system at once safe and equitable, no share being given to those by whose early death there is a loss. Large additions have thus been made to the Policies of those who participate, notwithstanding the lowness of the premiums.

THE SURPLUS at last investigation (1887) was £1,051,035, which, after reserving one-third, was distributed among 9,884 Policies entitled. First additions (with few exceptions) ranged from 18 to 34 per cent., according to age and class; and Policies of £1,000, which had shared before, were increased in all to £1,500, £1,600, £1,800, and upwards.

The next Investigation with division of Surplus takes place as at close of 1894.

Over 66 per cent. of the amount of Claims paid last year was in respect of Policies which had participated in the Surplus—the Bonus additions averaging almost 50 per cent. of the original Assurances.

Examples of Premiums for £100 at Death—with Profits.

AGE	25	30*	35	40	45	50	55
During Life	£1 18 0	£2 1 6	£2 6 10	£2 14 9	£3 5 9	£4 1 7	£5 1 11
21 Payments	2 12 6	2 15 4	3 0 3	3 7 5	3 17 6	4 12 1	5 10 2

[The usual non-profit Rates of other Offices differ little from these Premiums.]

* A person of 30 may secure £1,000 at death by a yearly payment during life of £20 15s. This Premium would generally elsewhere secure £200 only, instead of £1,000.

Or, he may secure £1,000 at death by 21 payments of £27 13s. 4d.—being thus free of payment after age 50.

† At age 40, the Premium ceasing at age 60 is, for £1,000, £23 14s. 2d.—about the same as most Offices require during the whole life.

To Professional Men and others, whose income is dependent on health, the limited payment system is specially recommended.

ACCUMULATED FUNDS EXCEED 8½ MILLIONS.

Arrangements as to Surrender, Non-Forfeiture, Free Residence, Loans on Policies, and early Payment of Claims, &c. are specially liberal.

Report, with full information and Tables, may be had on application.

Head Office—6 ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH.
London—17 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.

THE ROYAL ERARD PIANOFORTES.

ERARD PIANOS AND HARPS

Can be obtained by the Public upon the Most Favourable Terms of any Piano made. They are the Most Perfect Instruments that can be manufactured, and will last, practically, for ever. A visit to see the New Models and the "Erard Museum" will be welcomed at any time.

S. & P. ERARD,
ROYAL PIANOFORTE MAKERS, 18 Great Marlborough Street, London, W.

THROAT AND COUGH.

Soreness and dryness, tickling and irritation, inducing cough, and affecting the voice. For these symptoms use EP'S Glycerine Jujubes. In contact with the glands at the moment they are excited by the act of sucking, the Glycerine in these agreeable confections becomes actively healing. Sold in boxes, 7d.; tins, 1s. 1d.; labelled "JAMES EP'S & CO. (Ld.), Homoeopathic Chemists, 45 Threadneedle Street, and 170 Piccadilly, London."

PALL MALL CLUB.

26 SUFFOLK ST., PALL MALL EAST, S.W.

Established for social purposes only.

Premises consist of spacious, lofty, and well-lighted rooms, with frontage to Pall Mall.

Subscription, £3 3s. per annum. Entrance Fee, £2 2s. (suspended for the first 200 Members, who are now being elected).

Full information sent on application to the SECRETARY.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

This pure Solution is the best remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout, and Indigestion.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

The safest and most gentle aperient for delicate constitutions, Ladies, Children and Infants.

Sold throughout the World.

HOTELS.

ILFRACOMBE.—Warmest Seaside Winter Resort in England.

ILFRACOMBE HOTEL. The PRINCIPAL HOTEL in ILFRACOMBE. First-Class Return Tickets issued from London, Waterloo, L. & S.W. Ry., from November 1 to March 14, including seven days' Bed, Board, and a stevedore, at the ILFRACOMBE HOTEL, 25 1s. each. Available for one month. Express Trains leave Waterloo 11 A.M. and 3 P.M. Ask for Hotel Tickets, available by all trains.

BRIGHTON.—BEDFORD HOTEL. Old-Established.

Unequalled in situation. Opposite West Pier. Spacious Coffee and Reading Rooms. Sea-water service. Unequalled Cuisine. Excellent Wines. Moderate Terms. Electric Light in all rooms. GEO. HECKFORD, Manager.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE COLONIAL COLLEGE
and **TRAINING FARMS, Ltd.**
HOLLESLEY BAY, SUFFOLK.

For the Training of those destined for Colonial Life, &c.
The College owns and Farms for the instruction of its Students a fine Seaside Estate of 1,800 acres.
Prospectus on application to the Resident Director.

HEIDELBERG COLLEGE, HEIDELBERG, GERMANY.
DR. A. HOLZBERG, M.A., Ph.D.
A. B. CATTY, M.A. Camb.
Special facilities for learning German while continuing general Education. Preparation for all Exams.
Mr. CATTY in England till January 19, at Heidelberg, St. Margaret's, Twickenham.

DOVER COLLEGE.—Terms £80 per annum. No EXTRAS.
JUNIOR SCHOOL, 475. Twenty Exhibitions this term for Sons of Officers and Clergy. Qualifying Examination.
Head-Master—Rev. W. C. COMPTON, M.A.

ROYAL INDIAN ENGINEERING COLLEGE,
COOPERS HILL, STAINES.
The COURSE OF STUDY is arranged to fit an ENGINEER for employment in Europe, India, and the Colonies. About FORTY STUDENTS will be admitted in September, 1894. The Secretary of State will offer them for competition. Twelve Appointments as Assistant Engineers in the Public Works Department and Three Appointments as Assistant Superintendents in the Telegraph Department.—For particulars apply to the SECRETARY at the College.

CLIFTON COLLEGE.—CLASSICAL, MATHEMATICAL, and NATURAL SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIPS. Nine or more open to competition at Midsummer, 1894, value from £25 to £50 a year, which may be increased from a special fund to £50 a year in cases of scholars who require it.
Further particulars from the HEAD-MASTER or SECRETARY, The College, Clifton, Bristol.

DENSTONE COLLEGE.—There will be an EXAMINATION on January 30 for EXHIBITIONS, reducing the School dues to £25 14s. a year. Candidates must be under fifteen years of age. For further information apply to the HEAD-MASTER or to the SECRETARY, Denstone College, Staffordshire.

AN OPEN CHORAL SCHOLARSHIP of the annual value of £25 will be offered for competition on Tuesday, January 30, to BOYS under twelve years of age. The Examination will be Vocal, and will include the reading at sight of easy Church Music. The Choral Scholarship is tenable for three years, and reduces the school fees to Fifteen Guineas a year.—Apply to the HEAD-MASTER, or to the SECRETARY, Denstone College, Staffordshire.

CLIFTON HIGH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.
President—LEWIS FRY, Esq.
Vice-President—THE VEN. THE ARCHDEACON OF MANCHESTER.
Head Mistress—MISS BURNS.
NEXT TERM begins on Wednesday January 24.
Application for admission may be made to the SECRETARY, at the School; or to the Hon. Secretary, H. C. BARTON, Esq., Fern House, Clifton Down, Bristol.
Boarding House: Miss IRWIN, 2 Cecil Road, Clifton, Bristol.

MISS WOODMAN begs leave to announce the REOPENING of her CLASS on Monday, January 15. Preparation for the Public Schools, with Sports, Gymnastics, and Dancing. 13 Somerset Street, Portman Square.

HANOVER—YOUNG ENGLISHMAN can be RECEIVED in a good GERMAN TUTOR'S FAMILY. Good English references.—Address, Rev. Canon DODD, Stretton, near Warrington.

SHIPPING.

AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, TASMANIA.
ORIENT LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS

LEAVE LONDON EVERY ALTERNATE FRIDAY for the above Colonies, calling at PLYMOUTH, GIBRALTAR, NAPLES, SUEZ, and COLOMBO.
Managers... { F. GREEN & CO., Head Office, Fenchurch Avenue, London.
{ ANDERSON, ANDERSON, & CO. }
For passage apply to the latter firm, at 5 Fenchurch Avenue, E.C., or to the Branch Office, 16 Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, S.W.

PLEASURE CRUISES TO THE MEDITERRANEAN

The ORIENT COMPANY'S Steamship "GARONNE," 3,576 tons register, 3,900 horse-power, will leave London on February 22, for a Cruise of eight weeks, visiting LONDON, TANZIE, PALMA, SEV. AJACIO, PALERMO, TAORMINA, SANTORIN, BEYROUT (for DAMASCUS), HAIFA, JAFFA (for JERUSALEM), ALEXANDRIA (for CAIRO), MALTA, ALGIERS, GIBRALTAR.
The CHIMBORAZO, 3,847 tons register, 3,600 horse-power, will leave London on March 21, for a 47 days' Cruise to the SOUTH OF SPAIN, GREECE, CONSTANTINOPLE, &c.
Electric light, hot and cold baths, first-class cuisine.
Managers... { F. Green & Co., Head Office, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.
{ Anderson, Anderson, & Co. }
For further particulars apply to the latter firm, at 5 Fenchurch Avenue, E.C.; or to the Branch Office, 16 Cockspur Street, Charing Cross.

P. and O. MAIL STEAMERS FROM LONDON TO
BOMBAY, GIBRALTAR, MALTA, BRINDISI,
EGYPT, ADEN, and MADRAS via BOMBAY every week.

CALCUTTA, MADRAS, COLOMBO, CHINA, STRAITS,
JAPAN, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, TASMANIA, every fortnight.
Marseilles, and ALEXANDRIA.
CHEAP RETURN TICKETS.
For particulars apply at the Company's Offices, 122 Leadenhall Street, E.C., and 25 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.

JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS'
PATENT SOSTENENTE PIANOS,
Iron Case solidated Frames, Patent Check Actions, &c.
Are for Sale, Hire, and on the Three Year System.

JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS, 4, 20, and 21 WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.
RATON & CO.'S ENGLISH HARMONIUMS, from 8 Guineas upwards.

CONSUMPTION HOSPITAL, BROMPTON.—FUNDS are urgently REQUIRED for the support of this Unendowed Charity. There are now 34 beds in the building. Annual Expenses about £14,000, towards which the only fixed income is under £3,000.
HENRY DOBBIN, Secretary.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

BIRKBECK BANK, Southampton Bldgs., Chancery Lane, London.
TWO-AND-A-HALF per CENT. INTEREST ON DEPOSITS, repayable on demand.
TWO per CENT. ON CURRENT ACCOUNTS, on the minimum monthly balances, when not drawn below £100.
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT. For the encouragement of Thrift the bank receives small sums on deposit, and allows interest monthly on each completed £1.
BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with particulars, post free.
FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

SHEFFIELD CORPORATION £3 PER CENT. STOCK.

ISSUE of £400,000. Redeemable 1925.
(Authorised by the Sheffield Corporation Acts, 1883 and 1885.)
The CORPORATION of SHEFFIELD Give Notice that they are prepared to RECEIVE APPLICATIONS for the above sum of Sheffield Corporation £3 per Cent. Stock.
Price of Issue £99 per Cent.
Interest payable half-yearly on 1st March and 1st September at the Sheffield and Hallamshire Bank, Sheffield, or at their London Agents, Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie, & Co., 67 Lombard Street. Interest will accrue from date of payment to Bankers, such payment to be made within one month of allotment.
No sum less than £50 of Stock will be allotted, and any amount in excess of that sum must be a multiple of £10.
By "The Trustee Act, 1902," Trustees may invest their trust funds in this Stock, unless expressly forbidden by the instrument creating the Trust to invest in Corporation Stocks.
Form of Prospectus, &c., and all information required, will be supplied by
City Accountant's Office, Bridge Street, Sheffield,
January 4, 1894. W. FISHER TASKER, Registrar.

BOOKS, &c.

H. SOTHERAN & CO.

BOOKSELLERS, BOOKBINDERS, AND PUBLISHERS,
GENERAL AGENTS FOR PRIVATE BOOKBUYERS & PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS
IN AMERICA, INDIA, THE COLONIES, AND ABROAD.
Publishers of Mr. Gould's great Ornithological Works.
A MONTHLY CATALOGUE; Specimen Number, post free.
LIBRARIES PURCHASED—Telegraphic Address: BOOKMEN, LONDON.
140 STRAND, W.C., AND 37 PICCADILLY, W., LONDON.

FOREIGN BOOKS AT FOREIGN PRICES.

WILLIAMS & NORGATE,
Importers of Foreign Books,
14 HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN; AND
20 SOUTH FREDERICK STREET, EDINBURGH.
CATALOGUES post free on application.

JANUARY, 1894. PRICE ONE SHILLING.

The New Review.

Edited by ARCHIBALD GROVE.

CONTENTS:

ANARCHISTS: THEIR METHODS AND ORGANISATION.
1. By Z.
2. By IVANOFF.
THE NEW MUSEUM AND THE SIDON SARCOPHAGI. By Prof. MAX MÜLLER.
(Illustrated.)
THE FUTURE OF HUMOUR. By H. D. TRAILL.
DISESTABLISHMENT IN ENGLAND. By AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, M.P.
SOME IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA. By WALTER CRAN. (Illustrated.)
THE PREACHING OF CHRIST AND THE PRACTICE OF HIS CHURCHES.
By LOUIS LYON TOLSTOI.
IS OUR LIFE-BOAT SYSTEM EFFECTUAL? By E. H. BAYLEY, M.P.
PROFESSOR TYNDALL. By P. CHALMERS MITCHELL.
FRENCH PLAYS AND ENGLISH MONEY. By WILLIAM ARCHER.
PABOCHIAL SELF-GOVERNMENT (1750-1890). By Rev. J. FROSE WILKINSON.
A LUCKY SIXPENCE.

LONDON: WILLIAM HEINEMANN, 21 BEDFORD STREET, W.C.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN'S LIST.

MARK RUTHERFORD'S NEW WORK.

CATHARINE FURZE. A Novel. By MARK RUTHERFORD.
Author of "Miriam's Schooling" &c. 2 vols. cloth, 12s. [Ready next week.]

PICTURESQUE SPAIN.

The HEART and SONGS of the SPANISH SIERRAS.
By GEORGE WHIT WHITE. 7 Illustrations. Large crown 8vo. cloth, 6s.

THE REFORMERS' BOOK-SHELF.—New Vols.

BAMFORD'S PASSAGES in the LIFE of a RADICAL.
Edited, and with an Introduction, by HENRY DUNCKLEY ("Verax"). 2 vols. cloth, 3s. 6d. each. [Ready.]

INDEPENDENT NOVEL SERIES.—New Vol.

LADY PERFECTA. Translated from the Spanish of B. PEREZ GALDOS, by MARY WHARTON. Demy 12mo. cloth, 3s. 6d.

THE CHINAMAN AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BRIGHT CELESTIALS. By JOHN COMING CHINAMAN.
Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s.

THE STORY OF THE SECOND ESTATE.

The HOUSE of LORDS: a Retrospect and a Forecast.
By THOS. ALFRED SPALDING, LL.B. Cloth, 10s. 6d.

THIS DAY, full size, demy 8vo. cloth, 5s.

TWO SPHERES. By T. E. S. T. Pp. 512. Revised and Enlarged throughout.

* The Publisher can arrange for Purchasers to see these Works at the nearest Bookseller's, on receipt of address.

London: T. FISHER UNWIN, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, E.C.

AGENCY FOR AMERICAN BOOKS.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, PUBLISHERS and BOOK-SELLERS, of 27 and 28 West 23rd Street, New York, and 21 BEDFORD STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C., desire to call the attention of the READING PUBLIC to the excellent facilities presented by their Branch House in London for filling, on the most favourable terms, orders for their own STANDARD PUBLICATIONS, and for ALL AMERICAN BOOKS and PERIODICALS.—CATALOGUES sent on application.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The JANUARY Number, which Commences a New Volume, contains Contributions by

- THE RIGHT HON. PROFESSOR HUXLEY—
"PROFESSOR TYNDALL"
THE RIGHT HON. LORD EGERTON OF TATTON—
"THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL" (With a Chart).
MRS. CRACKANTHORPE—
"THE REVOLT OF THE DAUGHTERS."
G. WALTER STEEVES, M.D.—
"SANITARY INSURANCE: A SCHEME."
THE REV. DR. L. H. MILLS—
"ZOROASTER AND THE BIBLE."
SIR JULIUS VOGEL—
"(1). THE SCRAMBLE FOR GOLD."
J. P. HESELTINE—
"(2). THE SCRAMBLE FOR GOLD."
WILLIAM GRAHAM—
"CHATS WITH JANE CLERMONT" (Concluded).
THE REV. DR. JESSOPP—
"A WORD FOR OUR CATHEDRAL SYSTEM."
WILLIAM SHARP—
"THE NEW WINTER-LAND."
HERBERT A. GILES—
"CHINESE POETRY IN ENGLISH VERSE."
ARTHUR SILVA WHITE—
"CHARTERED GOVERNMENT IN AFRICA."
THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF DUNDONALD—
"PROTECTION FOR SURNAMES."
PRINCE KROPOTKIN—
"RECENT SCIENCE."
HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF SWEDEN & NORWAY—
"CHARLES THE TWELFTH AND THE CAMPAIGN OF 1712-13."

LONDON: SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, & CO., LIMITED.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1894. Price 2s. 6d.

ABRIDGED CONTENTS:

- DINNERS AND DINERS. By Lady JESSE.
INCOME TAX ON CORPORATIONS. By Hon. W. L. WILSON.
THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE SCHOOL FUND. By the BISHOP OF ALBANY.
HOW TO PREVENT A MONEY FAMINE. By the CONTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY.
THE HAWAIIAN QUESTION. By F. K. COBBERT.
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND MODERN BIBLICAL CRITICISM. By Rev. C. A. BRIGGS, D.D.
INTERCOLLEGIATE FOOTBALL. By Drs. W. J. WHITE and H. C. WOOD.
TARIFF AND BUSINESS. By ex-Speaker REED.

LONDON: WM. HEINEMANN, 21 BEDFORD STREET, W.C.

8vo. 6s.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. CCCLV.,

will be published on the 17th inst.

CONTENTS:

1. ANARCHIST LITERATURE.
2. HISTORY AND FABLE.
3. CHURCH MISSIONS.
4. OLD ENGLISH COOKERY.
5. SOME THEORIES OF THE ICE AGE.
6. LATIN POETRY OF THE CÆSAREAN EPOCH.
7. THE BIBLE IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.
8. BETTERMENT AND LOCAL TAXATION.
9. THE "CHILTERN HUNDREDS."
10. ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY.
11. THE PERIL OF PARLIAMENT.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street.

JOURNAL of MENTAL SCIENCE, JANUARY 1894.

Edited by D. HACK TUCKER, M.D., and GEORGE H. SAVAGE, M.D. Price 3s. 6d.

CONTENTS:

- THE MENTAL SYMPTOMS OF MYXŒDEMA AND THE EFFECT ON THEM OF THE THYROID TREATMENT. By T. S. CLouston, M.D.
ON MELANCHOLIA: AN ANALYSIS OF 720 CONSECUTIVE CASES. By W. F. FARQUHARSON, M.B.
HEMP DRUGS AND INSANITY. By Surgeon-Captain J. H. TULL WALSH, I.M.S.
Sir Andrew Clark, Bart.—The Disease of Iniquities under the New Lunacy Acts—Forensic Hypnotism—The Punishment of Habitual Criminals—The Prevention of Suicide—The Limehouse Murder Case—The Asylum Chaplain's Column.

LONDON: J. & A. CHURCHILL, New Burlington Street, W.

LONDON LIBRARY, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, S.W.

President—LESLIE STEPHEN, Esq.

Vice-Presidents—Rt. Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P., The Very Rev. the DEAN OF LLANDAFF, Sir E. H. BUNBURY, Bart., Sir HENRY BARKLY, K.C.B.

Treasurer—Right Hon. Sir M. GRANT DUFF.

Right Hon. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart., Right Hon. EARL OF ROSEBURY.

The Library contains 120,000 Volumes of Ancient and Modern Literature, in various Languages. Subscription, £3 a year; Life Membership, according to age. Fifteen Volumes are allowed to Country, and Ten to Town Members. Reading Room open from Ten to Half-past Six. Catalogue, Fifth Edition, 3 vols. royal 8vo. price 75s. 1 to Members, 40s.

C. T. HAGBERG WRIGHT, Secretary and Librarian.

Just published. 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

THE GREAT PESTILENCE (A.D. 1348-9), now commonly

known as the Black Death. By FRANCIS AIDAN GASQUET, D.D., O.S.B.

LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO., LIMITED.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW sent by post at following rates

per annum, paid in advance:

Any part of the United Kingdom	£1 8 2
All other parts of the World	1 10 6

Copies for India, China, Borneo, Burmah, Ceylon, Egypt, Mombasa, Zanzibar, Australia, and New Zealand are now posted in advance, and catch the Friday evening's mail.

STEEL & JONES, 4 Spring Gardens, London, S.W.

WILLIAMS & NORGATE.

Just published, price 1s.

A REJOINDER to PROF. WEISMANN.

By HERBERT SPENCER.

Also, recently published, price 1s.

The INADEQUACY of NATURAL SELECTION.

By the same Author.

SECOND AND GREATLY ENLARGED EDITION.

AGAINST DOGMA and FREE-WILL, and FOR WEISMANNISM.

By H. CROFT HILLER. Demy 8vo. cloth, 7s. 6d.

Containing, *inter alia*, beyond the Original Text, a Concise Statement of Weismann's Theory, a Controversy on its Application to Sociology, and an Examination of the Recent Criticism of Professor Romanes.

14 HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN; AND AT EDINBURGH.

MR. EDWARD ARNOLD'S NEW BOOKS

Ready this day, at all Booksellers' and Libraries.

MR. CUSTANCE'S RIDING RECOLLECTIONS AND TURF STORIES.

With numerous Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 12s.

Also a Large-paper Edition, 21s. net.

Third Thousand, now ready at all Booksellers' and Libraries.

MR. LE FANU'S REMINISCENCES. With Portraits.

Demy 8vo. 12s.

Tenth Thousand, now ready at all Booksellers'.

STEPHEN REMARK. By the Hon. and Rev. JAMES ADDERLEY.

Small 8vo. paper, 1s.; elegantly bound, 2s. 6d.

LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD, 37 Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.

ON DEMAND AT ALL LIBRARIES.

A SUPERFLUOUS WOMAN.

A New Novel,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

LONDON: WM. HEINEMANN, 21 BEDFORD STREET, W.C.

F. V. WHITE & CO.'S PUBLICATIONS.

Mrs. LOVETT CAMERON'S A TRAGIC BLUNDER.

2 vols. (At all Libraries.)

A. PERRIN'S INTO TEMPTATION.

2 vols. (At all Libraries.)

The late Lady DUFFUS HARDY'S—A BURIED SIN.

3 vols. (At all Libraries.)

B. M. CROKER'S A THIRD PERSON.

2 vols. (At all Libraries.)

FLORENCE WARDEN'S MY CHILD AND I.

3 vols. (Immediately.)

By Mrs. HUNGERFORD (— Molly Bawn —) — LADY PATTY.

(Third Edition.) Picture boards, 2s. (At all Booksellers' and Bookstalls.)

Mrs. OLIPHANT'S THE SORCERESS.

Cloth, 3s. 6d. (At all Booksellers' and Bookstalls.)

F. V. WHITE & CO., 14 BEDFORD STREET, STRAND, W.C.

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS', LIBRARIES, AND BOOKSTALLS.

THIS DEADLY BLOT.

By WILLIAM LANGFORD, Author of "Tifana's Revenge."

Crown 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d.

The *New York Herald* says:—"The story is told in terse, vigorous English, a welcome contrast to the slipshod and emasculated style which disfigures most modern literature, and the interest is sustained from beginning to end. All the characters are skilfully drawn." The *People* says:—"Mr. William Langford follows up the success he achieved with 'Tifana's Revenge' by publishing a still better book. His present work is striking throughout, catching and holding the reader's attention from first to last."

REMINGTON & CO., LIMITED, LONDON: KING ST., COVENT GARDEN; AND SYDNEY.

Now ready.

SIR BERNARD BURKE'S PEERAGE, BARONETAGE,

KNIGHTAGE, &c. for 1894. 50th Edition. Super-royal 8vo. cloth gilt, price 30s.

"Has for more than half-a-century been regarded as containing a history of all the great titled families in the Empire. There is scarcely a page in the volume that is not full of interest. There is an excellent index to the work. Considerable space is devoted to the question of precedence."—*Times*.

LONDON: HARRISON & SONS, Booksellers and Stationers to Her Majesty, 59 Pall Mall, S.W.

CHAPMAN & HALL'S NEW BOOKS.

COLONEL ELLIS, 1st West India Regiment.
THE YORUBA-SPEAKING PEOPLES
OF THE
SLAVE - COAST OF WEST AFRICA.

Their Religion, Manners, Customs,
Laws, Language, &c.

With an Appendix by Colonel A. B. ELLIS.

With Map. Demy 8vo.

[Next week.]

By the Same Author.

**HISTORY OF THE GOLD COAST
OF WEST AFRICA.**

Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.

THE EWE-SPEAKING PEOPLE
OF THE
SLAVE COAST OF WEST AFRICA.

With Map. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.

THE TSHI-SPEAKING PEOPLES
OF THE
GOLD COAST OF WEST AFRICA.

Their Religion, Manners, Customs, Laws,
Language, &c.

With Map. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Hon. Mrs. Greville-Nugent.

A LAND OF MOSQUES and MARABOUTS.
By the Hon. Mrs. GREVILLE-NUGENT. Illustrated. Demy 8vo. 14s.
[Next week.]

Herbert Spencer.

APHORISMS from the WRITINGS of
HERBERT SPENCER. Selected by JULIA RAYMOND GINGELL. With
Portrait of Herbert Spencer. Crown 8vo. [In January.]

Major Arthur Griffiths.

SECRETS of the PRISON-HOUSE; or, Gaol
Studies and Sketches. By Major ARTHUR GRIFFITHS, H.M. Inspector of
Prisons, Author of "Chronicles of Newgate" &c. With numerous Illustrations
by George D. Rowlandson. 2 vols. demy 8vo. 30s.
"A very valuable book.....An extremely readable book."—*Spectator*.

Prince Henri d'Orléans.

AROUND TONKIN and SIAM. By Prince
HENRI D'ORLÉANS. With 28 Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 14s.
"A highly intelligent record. A frank outspoken statement. Most instructive
and valuable information.....Extremely interesting reading.....A valuable
book."—*Daily Telegraph*.

William Harbutt Dawson.

GERMANY and the GERMANS: Social Life,
Culture, Religious Life, &c. By WILLIAM HARBUTT DAWSON. 2 vols. demy
8vo. 36s.
"This excellent work—a literary monument of intelligent and conscientious
labour."—*Daily Telegraph*.

Frederick Boyle.

ABOUT ORCHIDS: a Chat. By FREDERICK
BOYLE. With 8 Coloured Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 8s.
"Fascinating book."—*Academy*.

Frederick Boyle.

The PROPHET JOHN. A Romance. By
FREDERICK BOYLE. Crown 8vo. [Next week.]

CHAPMAN & HALL, LIMITED, LONDON.

CASSELL & COMPANY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

Now ready, 3 vols. price 81s. 6d.

'LISBETH.

By LESLIE KEITH,

Author of "The Chilcotes," "In Spite of Herself," &c.

"Unqualified praise may be cordially and unhesitatingly accorded to 'Lisbeth,'
in which are readily discoverable all the inventive, constructive, and literary
elements that, when felicitously combined, furnish the material of which a really
first-class novel may be fashioned by a master-hand."—*Daily Telegraph*.

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO LORD ROBERTS.

Now ready, price 6s.

A KING'S HUSSAR:

Being the Military Memoirs for Twenty-five Years of a
Troop Sergeant-Major of the 14th (King's) Hussars.

Edited by HERBERT COMPTON.

"Well stocked with incident and adventure."—*The Times*.
"It is rarely our privilege to call public attention to so interesting, instructive,
and wholesome a book as a 'King's Hussar.'"—*Daily Telegraph*.

Now ready, price 6s.

DR. DUMÁNY'S WIFE.

By MAURUS JÓKAI.

"In the story itself the most noticeable qualities are the judicious courage and
the brilliant invention of the writer. The most trivial incidents of the story are
not taken from the common stock of common novelists; each of them forms a part
of an artistic representation of real life."—*Speaker*.

POPULAR EDITION. Now ready, price 6s.

THE
STORY OF FRANCIS CLUDDE.

By STANLEY J. WEYMAN,

Author of "A Gentleman of France" &c. &c.

"There is one book among all these new books which kept a weary reviewer from
his bed. That book is 'Francis Cludde,' by Mr. Stanley Weyman. All fathers,
guardians, and uncles should buy a copy to keep, and another, or several others, to
give away to boys."—Mr. ANDREW LANG, in *The New Review*.

CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.

For the CIRCULATION and SALE of all
the BEST

ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
AND SPANISH BOOKS.

TOWN SUBSCRIPTIONS from ONE GUINEA per Annum.

LONDON BOOK SOCIETY (for weekly exchange of Books at the houses
of Subscribers) from TWO GUINEAS per Annum.

COUNTRY SUBSCRIPTIONS from TWO GUINEAS per Annum.

N.B.—Two or Three Friends may UNITE IN ONE SUBSCRIPTION
and thus lessen the Cost of Carriage.

LIBRARY BOXES GRATIS.

TOWN AND VILLAGE CLUBS SUPPLIED ON
LIBERAL TERMS.

Prospectuses and Monthly Lists of Books gratis and post free.

SALE DEPARTMENT.

All the Leading Books of the Past Seasons are on Sale, Second
Hand, at Greatly Reduced Prices.

LISTS GRATIS AND POST FREE.

MUDIE'S MANCHESTER LIBRARY,

10 to 12 Barton Arcade, MANCHESTER.

Is in daily communication with this Library.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY, Limited,

30 to 34 NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON;

341 BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.; AND 48 QUEEN VICTORIA
STREET, E.C.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

LADY WILLIAM. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. 3 vols. crown 8vo. 31s. 6d.

RICHARD ESCOTT. By EDWARD H. COOPER, Author of "Geoffrey Hamilton." 1 vol. crown 8vo. 6s.
PUNCH.—"I like Richard Escott," says the Baron.
ATHENÆUM.—"The weakness and pain and the dreadful spiritual isolation and loneliness in one who had been at least strong in evil-doing are well divined and interpreted."
STANDARD.—"A book that will not easily be put down till it is finished."

MARION DARCHE: a Story without Comment. By F. MARION CRAWFORD. 2 vols. Globe 8vo. 12s.
ATHENÆUM.—"The characters are thoroughly interesting, the dialogue easy, and the situations effective.....Readers in search of a good novel may be recommended to lose no time in making the acquaintance of Marion Darche, her devoted friends, and her one enemy."
SATURDAY REVIEW.—"Charming in style and very easy to read."

SYLVIE and BRUNO CONCLUDED. By LEWIS CARROLL. With Illustrations by Harry Furniss. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

The SATIRES of DRYDEN.—ABSALOM and ACHITOPHEL. Parts I. and II.: The Medal; and MacFlecknoe. Edited, with Memoir, Introduction, and Notes, by J. CHURTON COLLINS. Globe 8vo. 1s. 9d. [*Macmillan's English Classics*.]
EDUCATIONAL NEWS.—"He lavishes on these three poems quite a wealth of illustration, and brings out the points of each poem into strong relief by the information he affords."

ELEMENTS of SYNTHETIC SOLID GEOMETRY. By N. F. DUPUIS, M.A., F.R.S.C., Professor of Pure Mathematics in the University of Queen's College, Kingston, Canada. Crown 8vo. 6s. 6d. net.

ELECTRIC WAVES. Being Researches on the Propagation of Electric Action with Finite Velocity through Space. By Professor HEINRICH HERTZ, of Bonn. Authorized Translation by D. E. JONES, B.Sc. With a Preface by Lord KELVIN, F.R.S. Illustrated. 8vo. price 10s. net.

WOOLLEN SPINNING. A Text-book for Students in Technical Schools and Colleges, and for skilful Practical Men in Woollen Mills. By CHARLES VICKERMAN, Author of "The Woollen Thread" and "Notes on Carding." Crown 8vo. 6s.

MACMILLAN & CO., LONDON, W.C.

HURST & BLACKETT'S LIST.

UNDER THE ESPECIAL PATRONAGE OF HER MAJESTY.
Now ready, Sixty-third Edition. With the Arms beautifully engraved. 1 vol. royal 8vo. bound, gilt edges, 31s. 6d.

LODGE'S PEERAGE and BARONETAGE
for 1894. Corrected by the Nobility.

NEW NOVELS.

THE PRICE of a PEARL. By ELEANOR HOLMES, Author of "Through Another Man's Eyes" &c. 3 vols.

GOOD DAME FORTUNE. By MARIA A. HOYER. 3 vols.

BROKEN FORTUNES. By HENRY CRESSWELL, Author of "A Modern Greek Heroine," "A Willy Widow," &c. 3 vols.

IN an ALPINE VALLEY. By G. MANVILLE PENN, Author of "Mahme Noulie," "The Master of the Ceremonies," &c. 3 vols.

AT SOCIETY'S EXPENSE. By ALGERNON GESSING, Author of "A Moorland Idyl," "A Village Hampden," &c. 3 vols.

CHRISTINE. By ADELINE SERGEANT, Author of "Casper Brooke's Daughter," "Sir Anthony," &c. 3 vols.

EDNA LYALL'S NOVELS.

Each in 1 vol. crown 8vo. 6s.

DONOVAN.

WE TWO.

IN THE GOLDEN DAYS.

KNIGHT-ERRANT.

WON BY WAITING.

A HARDY NORSEMAN.

LONDON: HURST & BLACKETT, LIMITED,
13 GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, W.

MESSRS. LONGMANS & CO.'S LIST.

With 170 Illustrations and 2 large and 4 small Coloured Maps.
2 vols. 8vo. 42s.

DISCOVERY OF LAKES RUDOLF AND STEFANIE:

An Account of Count Samuel Teleki's Exploring and Hunting Expedition in Eastern Equatorial Africa in 1887 and 1888.

By his Companion, Lieutenant LUDWIG VON HÖHNEL.

NEW BOOK BY CANON OVERTON.

The ENGLISH CHURCH in the NINETEENTH CENTURY. By the Rev. JOHN H. OVERTON, D.D., Canon of Lincoln, Rector of Epworth, Doncaster, and Rural Dean of the Isle of Axholme. 8vo. 16s.

ST. ANDREWS. By ANDREW LANG. With 8 Plates and 24 Illustrations in the Text by T. Hodge. 8vo. 16s. net.

"St. Andrews has had among her many lovers some who have aspired also to be her historians. These older chronicles are like to be superseded, except with those of dry-as-dust tastes, by Mr. Andrew Lang's story of the fortunes of the 'dear city of youth and dream.'.... It is the record of St. Andrews that will henceforth be read and remembered."—*Ecotoman*.

INSPIRATION: Eight Lectures on the Early History and Origin of the Doctrine of Biblical Inspiration. Being the Bampton Lectures for 1893. By the Rev. W. SANDAY, M.A., D.D., LL.D., Dean Ireland's Professor of Exegesis. 8vo. 16s.

"This book will be found in a very high degree both interesting and illuminating by any man of ordinary literary intelligence who has a taste for candid inquiry in regard to the Bible and for well-grounded conclusions. For here we have an account of the Bible by a man very remarkably well qualified to give it.....No writer of any school or on any subject could give us the impression of unprejudiced intelligence more strongly."—*Guardian*.

The LITTLE SISTERS of the POOR. By Mrs. ABEL RAM, Author of "The Most Beautiful," "Emmanuel," &c. Crown 8vo. 6s.

The STUDENT'S DICTIONARY of MEDICINE and the ALLIED SCIENCES. Comprising the Pronunciation, Derivation, and Full Explanation of Medical Terms, together with much Collateral Descriptive Matter, numerous Tables, &c. By ALEXANDER DUNNE, M.D., Assistant-Surgeon to the New York Ophthalmic and Aural Institute, Reviser of Medical Terms for "Webster's International Dictionary." 8vo. price 21s.

NEW NOVEL BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

A GENTLEMAN of FRANCE; being the Memoirs of GASTON DE BONNE, Sieur de Marzac. By STANLEY J. WEYMAN, Author of "The House of the Wolf." 3 vols. crown 8vo. 25s. 6d.
"The book is not only good literature, it is a 'rattling good story,' instinct with the spirit of true adventure and stirring emotion. Of love and peril, intrigue and fighting, there is plenty, and many scenes could not have been bettered."—*Athenæum*.

NEW NOVEL BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

MONTEZUMA'S DAUGHTER. By H. RIDER HAGGARD, Author of "She," "Allan Quatermain," &c. With 24 Full-page Illustrations by Maurice Greiffenhagen. 1 vol. crown 8vo. 6s.
"Readers will thank the good fortune which has put into their hands a book for these long winter evenings which will chain and rivet their attention and awaken their interest to the highest pitch. Mr. Haggard has never produced anything better, either in matter or in manner."—*Observer*.

The ONE GOOD GUEST: a Story. By L. B. WALFORD. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

"Mrs. Walford has never written a pleasanter novel."—*Ecotoman*.
"A story so full of the best human nature that it is vastly pleasant to read, and equally grateful to remember."—*National Observer*.

WHAT NECESSITY KNOWS. By L. DOUGALL, Author of "Beggars All" &c. New and Cheaper Edition. 1 vol. crown 8vo. price 6s.

"A very remarkable novel, and not a book that can be lightly classified or arranged with other works of fiction. It is a distinct creation, and we approach it in the spirit of wonder, not unmixed with suspicion, which is the greeting that awaits most new things."—*Manchester Guardian*.

THE SILVER LIBRARY—Two New Volumes.

CARTHAGE and the CAR-THAGINIANS. By R. BOWWORTH SMITH, M.A., Assistant Master in Harrow School. With Maps, Plans, &c. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

The EXPANSE of HEAVEN: Essays on the Wonders of the Firmament. By R. A. PROCTOR. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

The EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. 367.

(On Tuesday next.)

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. MEMOIRS OF CHANCELLOR PASQUIER. | 6. THE LAST CAMPAIGN OF MONTROSE. |
| 2. THE ECONOMY OF HIGH WAGES. | 7. THE RESULTS OF THE CRUSADES. |
| 3. THE POETRY OF RURAL LIFE. | 8. AMONG THE HAIRY AINU. |
| 4. RECENT EDITIONS OF TACITUS. | 9. ADDRESSES OF THE LATE EARL OF DERBY. |
| 5. POPULAR LITERATURE OF MODERN ITALY. | 10. THE PROGRESS OF ANGLING. |
| | 11. THE SESSION OF 1893. |

LONDON: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.
NEW YORK: 15 EAST 16TH STREET.

BLACKIE & SON'S EDUCATIONAL LIST.

CLASSICS.

Cæsar's Gallic War. Edited, with Introduction, Notes, Exercises, and Vocabularies, by JOHN BROWN, B.A., Worcester College, Oxford. With Coloured Map, Pictorial Illustrations, and Plans of Battles. Book I., cloth, 1s. 6d. Book II., cloth, 1s. 6d.

Virgil's Æneid. Book I. Edited, with Introduction, Outline of Prosody, Notes, Exercises on the Hexameter, Vocabularies, &c., by Rev. A. J. CHURCH, M.A., sometime Professor of Latin in University College, London. [Nearly ready.]

Latin Stories: Short Selections from the best Prose Authors. Edited, with Notes, Vocabularies, and an Introductory Note on Translation, by A. D. GODLEY, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Magdalen College, Oxford. Cloth, 1s.

[This book is suitable as a Reader, and as a practice-book in "unseen."]]

Xenophon's Anabasis. Book I. Edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Appendix on Greek Construction and Vocabulary, by C. E. BROWNING, M.A., Chief Classical Master in Magdalen College School, Oxford. With Map, Plans of Battles, &c. [Nearly ready.]

A Classical Compendium; being a Handbook to Greek and Latin Construction. By C. E. BROWNING, M.A., Chief Classical Master in Magdalen College School, Oxford. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

[This book will be of great assistance to students of prose composition.]]

ENGLISH.

Introduction to Shakespeare. By Professor DOWNER. Illustrated. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

The Warwick Shakespeare. A New Series of the greater Plays.

HAMLET. Edited by E. K. CHAMBERS, B.A., sometime Scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

MACBETH. Edited by the Same. Cloth, 1s.

RICHARD II. Edited by C. H. HERPOD, Litt.D., Professor of English at University College, Aberystwyth. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

JULIUS CÆSAR. Edited by A. D. INNES, M.A., sometime Scholar of Oriel College, Oxford. Cloth, price 1s.

Blackie's Junior School Shakespeare.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. Edited by GEORGE H. ELY, B.A., sometime Assistant Master in the United Westminster Schools. Cloth, 8d.

HENRY THE EIGHTH. Edited by the Same. Cloth, 8d.

HENRY THE FIFTH. Edited by W. BARRY, B.A., English Master at Tettenhall College, Staffordshire. Cloth, 8d.

CORIOLANUS. Edited by WALTER DENT, CL 10d.

JULIUS CÆSAR. Edited by the Same. Cloth, 8d.

Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel.

Complete, with Introduction and Notes. Cloth, price 1s. 6d. Also in Two Parts, Cantos I.-III. and IV.-VI., cloth, 10d. each. And in Single Cantos, paper, 2d. each; cloth, 3d. each.

Addison's Sir Roger de Coverley.

Edited by FRANCES E. WILKINSON. Cloth, 10d.

Gray's Elegy, Eton College Ode, and the BARD. Edited by ELIZABETH LEE, Lecturer in English at the Streatham Hill High School. Paper, 3d.; cloth, 3d.

The Pupil's English Grammar: an Introduction to the Study of English Grammar, based upon the Analysis of Sentences. Cloth, price 1s. 6d.

MODERN LANGUAGES.

French Stories. A Reading Book for Junior and Middle Forms. With Notes, English Exercises, and Vocabulary, by MARGUERITE NINOT, French Mistress at the Girls' High School, Graham Street, Eaton Square. Cloth, 1s.

A Modern French Reader: Interesting Extracts from Contemporary French. With Notes and Vocabulary by J. J. BEUZEMAKER, B.A., Examiner to the College of Preceptors, &c. Cloth, price 1s.

Schiller's Song of the Bell; and other Poems. Edited by GEORGE MACDONALD, M.A., Balliol College, Oxford. Cloth, 8d.

HISTORY.

Outlines of the World's History: Ancient, Medieval, and Modern, with special relation to the History of Civilization and the Progress of Mankind. By the Rev. EDGAR SANDERSON, M.A., sometime Scholar of Clare College, Cambridge. With many Illustrations and Coloured Maps. 664 pp., cloth, red edges, price 6s. 6d.

Also separately:—

Part 1. ANCIENT ORIENTAL MONARCHIES. 1s.

Part 2. GREECE AND ROME. 2s.

Part 3. MEDIEVAL HISTORY. 1s.

Part 4. MODERN HISTORY. 2s. 6d.

A History of the British Empire. With Pictorial Illustrations, Tables, Maps, and Plans. By the Rev. EDGAR SANDERSON, M.A. 476 pp., cloth, 2s. 6d.

A Summary of British History. With Appendices. By the Rev. EDGAR SANDERSON, M.A., Author of "A History of the British Empire" &c. &c. 208 pp., cloth, 1s.

An Epitome of History: Ancient, Medieval, and Modern. For Higher Schools, Colleges, and Private Study. By CARL FLORITZ. Translated by W. H. TILLINGHAM. 630 pp., cloth, 7s. 6d.

A Synopsis of English History; or, Historical Note-Book. Compiled by HERBERT WILLIS. Cloth, 2s.

GEOGRAPHY.

A Pronouncing Vocabulary of Modern GEOGRAPHICAL NAMES, nearly Ten Thousand in number. With Notes on Spelling and Pronunciation, &c. By GEORGE G. CHISHOLM, M.A., B.Sc., Author of "A Handbook of Commercial Geography." Cloth, 1s. 6d.

A Synoptical Geography of the World: a Concise Handbook for Examinations, and for general reference. With a Complete Series of Maps. Cloth, 1s.

Zehden's Commercial Geography of the WORLD: Chief Centres of Trade and Means of Communication, Natural Productions, Exports, Manufactures, &c. Translated from the German of Professor ZEHDEN, Handels-Akademie, Leipzig. With Map of the Chief Trade Routes. Second Edition, corrected to date. 592 pp., cloth, 6s.

MATHEMATICS.

Euclid's Elements of Geometry. With Notes, Examples, and Exercises. Arranged by A. E. LAYNE, M.A., Head-Master of Stafford Grammar School; formerly Scholar of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. Books I. to VI. with XI. and Appendix; and a wide Selection of Examination Papers. Cloth, 4s. 6d.

Books I. to IV., in 1 vol., 2s. 6d.; Book I., 1s.; II., 6d.; III., 1s.; IV., 6d.; V. and VI. together, 1s.; XI., 1s. 6d.

Preliminary Algebra. By R. WYKE BAYLIS, B.A., Vice-Principal of the United Service Academy, Southsea; formerly Scholar and prizeman of Peterhouse, Cambridge. Cloth, 2s.

Algebra. Up to and including Progressions and Scales of Notation. By J. G. KERR, M.A., Head-Master of Allan Glen's Technical School, Glasgow. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

Algebraic Factors. How to Find Them and How to Use Them. Factors in the Examination Room. By Dr. W. T. KNIGHT, Head-Master Twickenham School. Cloth, 2s.

Elementary Text-Book of Trigonometry. By R. H. PINKERTON, B.A., Balliol College, Oxford. Cloth, 2s.

Mathematical Wrinkles for Matriculation and other Exams. By Dr. W. T. KNIGHT, Head-Master Twickenham School. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

An Introduction to the Differential and INTEGRAL CALCULUS. With Examples of Application to Mechanical Problems. By W. J. MILLAR, C.E. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

Pickering's Mercantile Arithmetic. By E. T. PICKERING, Accountant to the Birmingham School Board. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

SCIENCE.

Heat, and the Principles of Thermodynamics. By C. H. DRAPEL, D.Sc., B.A. With many Illustrations. Cloth, 4s. 6d.

Hydrostatics and Pneumatics. By R. H. PINKERTON, B.A., Balliol College, Oxford. Fully Illustrated. Cloth, 4s. 6d.

The Student's Introductory Handbook of SYSTEMATIC BOTANY. By JOSEPH W. OLIVER, Lecturer on Botany and Geology at the Birmingham Municipal Technical School. Cloth, price 4s. 6d.

Elementary Text-Book of Physics. By Professor EVERETT, D.C.L., F.R.S. Fifth Edition. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

Deschanel's Natural Philosophy. Translated and Edited by Professor EVERETT. Twelfth Edition. Cloth, 18s.; also in Parts, limp cloth, 4s. 6d. each.

Part I.—MECHANICS, &c.
Part II.—HEAT.
Part III.—ELECTRICITY, &c.
Part IV.—SOUND and LIGHT.

Outlines of Natural Philosophy. By Professor EVERETT. Enlarged Edition. Cloth, 4s.

Theoretical Mechanics. By R. H. PINKERTON, B.A., Balliol College, Oxford, Lecturer in Mathematics, University College, Cardiff. Cloth, price 2s.

Elementary Text-Book of Dynamics and HYDROSTATICS. By R. H. PINKERTON, B.A. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

The Arithmetic of Magnetism and ELECTRICITY. By ROBERT GUNN. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

Magnetism and Electricity. By W. JEROME HARRISON and CHARLES A. WHITE. Cloth, 2s.

Light, Heat, and Sound. By CHARLES H. DRAPEL, D.Sc., Head-Master of Woolwich High School. Cloth, 2s.

A Text-Book of Organic Chemistry. By A. BEINTHSEN, Ph.D., formerly Professor of Chemistry in the University of Heidelberg. Translated by GEORGE M'GOWAN, Ph.D. Cloth, price 6s.

Elementary Inorganic Chemistry: Theoretical and Practical. With Examples in Chemical Arithmetic. By A. HUMPHREY SEXTON, F.R.S.E., F.I.C., F.C.S. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

Chemistry for All; or, Elementary Alternative Chemistry in accordance with the Science and Art Syllabus. By W. JEROME HARRISON, F.G.S., and E. J. BAILEY. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

Qualitative Chemical Analysis, Inorganic and Organic. By EDGAR E. HORWILL, F.C.S. Cloth, 2s.

An Elementary Text-Book of Physiology. By J. M'GREGOR-ROBERTSON, M.A., M.B., Lecturer in Physiology, Queen Margaret College. New and Revised Edition. Cloth, 4s.

Elementary Physiology. By VINCENT T. MURCHE. Cloth, 2s.

Earth Knowledge: a Text-Book of Physiography. By W. JEROME HARRISON, F.G.S., and H. BOWLAND WAKEFIELD. Cloth, 3s. Also in Two Parts: Part I., 1s. 6d.; Part II., 2s.

Elementary Botany. By JOSEPH W. OLIVER, Lecturer on Botany and Geology at the Birmingham and Midland Institute. Cloth, 2s.

An Elementary Text-Book of Geology. By W. JEROME HARRISON, F.G.S. Cloth, 2s.

An Elementary Text-Book of Applied MECHANICS. By DAVID ALLAN LOW (Whitworth Scholar), M.Inst.M.E. Cloth, 2s.

Elementary Agriculture. Edited by R. F. WRIGHT. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

Elementary Hygiene. By H. ROWLAND WAKEFIELD, Science Demonstrator, Swansea School Board. Cloth, 2s.

*. DETAILED CATALOGUE of EDUCATIONAL WORKS will be sent post-free on application.

LONDON: BLACKIE & SON, LIMITED, 49 AND 50 OLD BAILEY.

MR. MURRAY'S LIST OF SCHOOL BOOKS.

SIR WM. SMITH'S
EDUCATIONAL SERIES.

YOUNG BEGINNER'S LATIN COURSE.

- 2s. each.*
I. FIRST LATIN BOOK. Grammar, Easy Questions, Exercises, and Vocabulary.
II. SECOND LATIN BOOK. An Easy Latin Reading Book, with Analysis of Sentences.
III. THIRD LATIN BOOK. Exercises on the Syntax, with Vocabulary.
IV. FOURTH LATIN BOOK. A Latin Vocabulary for Beginners, arranged according to Subjects and Etymologies.
PRINCIPIA LATINA.
 *Part I. Grammar, Delectus, Exercises, and Vocabulary. 2s. 6d.
 *Appendix to Part I. Additional Exercises and Examination Papers. 2s. 6d.
 *Part II. A First Latin Reading Book. Price 2s. 6d.
 *Part III. A First Latin Verse Book. Price 2s. 6d.
 *Part IV. Latin Prose Composition. Price 2s. 6d.
 *Part V. Short Tales and Anecdotes for Translation into Prose. 2s. 6d.
STUDENTS' LATIN GRAMMAR. 6s.
SMALLER LATIN GRAMMAR. For Middle and Lower Forms. 3s. 6d.
A CHILD'S FIRST LATIN BOOK. Comprising a full Practice of Nouns, Pronouns, and Adjectives, with the Verbs. By T. D. HALL. Revised and Enlarged Edition. 2s.

GREEK COURSE.

- INITIA GRÆCA.**
 *Part I. Grammar, Delectus, Exercises, and Vocabulary. 2s. 6d.
 *Appendix to Part I. Additional Exercises and Examination Papers. 2s. 6d.
 *Part II. A Greek Reading Book. 3s. 6d.
 *Part III. Prose Composition. 3s. 6d.
STUDENTS' GREEK GRAMMAR. 6s.
SMALLER GREEK GRAMMAR. For Middle and Lower Forms. 3s. 6d.
GREEK ACCIDENCE. 2s. 6d.
PLATO.—SELECTIONS. With Notes. Price 2s. 6d.

ENGLISH COURSE.

- ***ENGLISH GRAMMAR.** With Exercises. 3s. 6d.
 ***PRIMARY ENGLISH GRAMMAR.** With Exercises and Questions. 1s.
PRIMARY HISTORY OF BRITAIN. New and thoroughly Revised Edition. Coloured Map. (40 pp.) 2s. 6d.
MODERN GEOGRAPHY. 5s.
SMALLER MODERN GEOGRAPHY. Price 2s. 6d.
ENGLISH COMPOSITION. With Examples and Exercises. 2s. 6d.

FRENCH COURSE.

FRENCH PRINCIPIA.

- *Part I. Grammar, Delectus, Exercises, Vocabulary, and Materials for Conversation. 3s. 6d.
 *Appendix to Part I. Additional Exercises and Examination Papers. 2s. 6d.
 *Part II. A French Reading Book; with Etymological Dictionary. 4s. 6d.
 *Part III. Prose Composition. 4s. 6d.
STUDENTS' FRENCH GRAMMAR. With an Introduction by M. LITTRE. 4s.
SMALLER FRENCH GRAMMAR. Price 2s. 6d.

GERMAN COURSE.

GERMAN PRINCIPIA.

- *Part I. Grammar, Exercises, Vocabulary, and Materials for Conversation. 3s. 6d.
 *Part II. Reading Book; with Dictionary. 3s. 6d.
PRACTICAL GERMAN GRAMMAR. For Advanced Students. 3s. 6d.

ITALIAN COURSE.

ITALIAN PRINCIPIA.

- *Part I. Grammar, Delectus, Exercises, Vocabulary. 2s. 6d.
 *Part II. An Italian Reading Book. Price 2s. 6d.

MURRAY'S
STUDENTS' MANUALS.

Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. each.

With Maps and Woodcuts.

THE ROMAN EMPIRE,

From its Establishment to the Reign of Commodus, 180.
 By J. B. BURY.

THE STUDENTS' HUME: a History of England from the Earliest Times to 1688. Thoroughly Revised Edition, continued to the Treaty of Berlin, 1871. By Prof. J. S. BURNES. (520 pp.)

The Work may also be obtained in Three Divisions, price 2s. 6d. each. PART I.—B.C. 55–A.D. 1485. PART II.—A.D. 1485–1688. PART III.—1688–1871.

MODERN EUROPE. By R. LODGE, M.A.

EUROPE during the MIDDLE AGES.

By HENRY HALLAM.

CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY of ENGLAND. By HENRY HALLAM.

OLD and NEW TESTAMENT HISTORY. By PHILIP SMITH. 3 vols.

ANCIENT HISTORY, to the Conquests of Alexander the Great. By PHILIP SMITH.

ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY. 2 vols.: I. A.D. 30–1000. II. 1000–1614. By PHILIP SMITH.

ENGLISH CHURCH HISTORY. 3 vols.: I. 596–1500. II. 1500–1717. III. 1717–1884. By Canon FERRY.

GREECE, to the Roman Conquest. By Sir WILLIAM SMITH. With Coloured Maps and Woodcuts.

ROME, to the Establishment of the Empire. By Dean LIDDELL.

GIBBON. By Sir WILLIAM SMITH.

FRANCE, to the Fall of the Second Empire. By W. H. JERVIS.

ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY. By Canon BEVAN.

MODERN GEOGRAPHY. By Canon BEVAN.

GEOGRAPHY of BRITISH INDIA. By Dr. GEORGE SMITH.

ENGLISH LANGUAGE: its Origin and Growth. By GEORGE F. MARSH.

ENGLISH LITERATURE. With Biographical Notices of the Authors. By T. B. SHAW.

SPECIMENS of ENGLISH LITERATURE. By T. B. SHAW. 2s.

MORAL PHILOSOPHY. By Dr. FLEMING.

SIR WM. SMITH'S
SMALLER HISTORIES.

Maps, Plans, and Woodcuts. 16mo. 2s. 6d. each.

ENGLAND. From the Earliest Times to 1867. New and thoroughly Revised Edition.

SCRIPTURE HISTORY. Continued down to A.D. 70.

ANCIENT HISTORY. Down to the Conquests of Alexander the Great.

ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY.

MODERN GEOGRAPHY. Physical and Political. 2s. 6d.

ROME. To the Establishment of the Empire.

GREECE. To the Roman Conquest.

CLASSICAL MYTHOLOGY. For Ladies' Schools and Young Persons.

ENGLISH LITERATURE. With Lives of our Chief Writers.

SPECIMENS of ENGLISH LITERATURE.

LITTLE ARTHUR'S HISTORIES

ENGLAND. From the Earliest Times. Continued down to 1878. With 36 Woodcuts. 1s. 6d.

FRANCE. From the Earliest Times to the Fall of the Second Empire. With Maps and Woodcuts. 2s. 6d.

MRS. MARKHAM'S HISTORIES.

ENGLAND. From the First Invasion by the Romans down to the year 1880. With 100 Woodcuts. Price 3s. 6d.

FRANCE. From the Conquest of Gaul by Caesar down to 1878. With 70 Woodcuts. 2s. 6d.

GERMANY. From the Invasion by Marius to 1880. With 50 Woodcuts. 2s. 6d.

SIR WM. SMITH'S
SCHOOL DICTIONARIES.

LATIN.

SMALLER LATIN-ENGLISH DICTIONARY. With a Dictionary of Proper Names. 31st Edition. By Sir WILLIAM SMITH and Professor T. D. HALL, M.A. (736 pp.) 7s. 6d.

SMALLER ENGLISH-LATIN DICTIONARY. 7s. 6d.

LARGER LATIN-ENGLISH DICTIONARY. 16s.

LARGER ENGLISH-LATIN DICTIONARY. Compiled from Original Sources. 16s.

AN ENGLISH-LATIN GRADUS, or Verse Dictionary. By A. C. AINSWORTH, M.A., and H. G. WINTLE, M.A. (448 pp.) Crown 8vo. 9s.

BIBLE.

CONCISE DICTIONARY of the BIBLE. With Illustrations. 21s.

SMALLER BIBLE DICTIONARY. With Illustrations. 7s. 6d.

CLASSICAL.

CLASSICAL DICTIONARY of GREEK and ROMAN MYTHOLOGY, Biography, and Geography. With 750 Woodcuts. 18s.

SMALLER CLASSICAL DICTIONARY. With 300 Woodcuts. 7s. 6d.

SMALLER DICTIONARY of GREEK and ROMAN ANTIQUITIES. With 200 Woodcuts. Price 7s. 6d.

Crown 8vo. 8s. 6d.

AN INTRODUCTION to the STUDY OF THE GREEK TESTAMENT.

WITH CONCISE GRAMMAR, NOTES, AND VOCABULARY.

BY THEOPHILUS D. HALL, M.A.

This volume is intended to aid those who desire to study the New Testament in the original Greek Text without any previous knowledge of the language.

MURRAY'S

University Extension Manuals.

EDITED BY PROFESSOR KNIGHT, Of St. Andrews University.

AN INTRODUCTION to MODERN GEOLOGY. By Dr. R. D. ROBERTS. With Illustrations and Coloured Maps. 2s.

THE REALM of NATURE: a Manual of Physiography. By Dr. H. R. MILL. With 19 Coloured Maps and 68 Illustrations. 2s.

THE STUDY of ANIMAL LIFE. By J. ARTHUR THOMSON. With many Illustrations. 2s.

THE ELEMENTS of ETHICS. By JOHN H. MUIRHEAD. 2s.

ENGLISH COLONIZATION and EMPIRE. By A. CALDECOTT. With Coloured Maps and Diagrams. 2s. 6d.

THE FINE ARTS. By Prof. BALDWIN BROWN. With Illustrations. 2s. 6d.

THE USE and ABUSE of MONEY. By Professor CUNNINGHAM, D.D. 2s.

THE PHILOSOPHY of the BEAUTIFUL. By Professor KNIGHT. Parts I. and II. 2s. 6d. each part.

FRENCH LITERATURE. By H. G. KEENE. 2s.

THE RISE of the BRITISH DOMINION in INDIA. By Sir ALFRED LYALL. From the Early Days of the East India Company. With Coloured Maps. 4s. 6d.

THE PHYSIOLOGY of the SENSES. By Professor MCKENDRICK and Dr. SKODGRASS. With Illustrations. 4s. 6d.

CHAPTERS in MODERN BOTANY. By Prof. PATRICK GEDDES. With Illustrations. 2s. 6d.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By C. E. MALLEY. 2s. 6d.

ENGLISH LITERATURE. By WILLIAM RENTON. With Diagrams. 2s. 6d.

LOGIC, INDUCTIVE and DEDUCTIVE. By WILLIAM MISTY, late Professor of Logic, University of Aberdeen. With Diagrams. 4s. 6d.

GREECE in the AGE of PERICLES. By A. J. GRANT, King's College, Cambridge. With Illustrations. 2s. 6d.

* Keys to these Works supplied to Authenticated Teachers on written application.

•• DETAILED CATALOGUE SENT GRATIS BY POST ON APPLICATION.

LONDON: JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

RICHARD BENTLEY & SON'S LIST.

NOTICE.

MISS BROUGHTON, the Author of "Nancy" &c., commences a New Serial Story entitled "A BEGINNER," and MISS PEARD, the Author of "Near Neighbours," commences one entitled "AN INTERLOPER," in THE TEMPLE BAR MAGAZINE for January 1894.

NEW BOOKS.

FREDERICK HILL: an Autobiography of Fifty Years in Times of Reform. Being the Recollections of a Retired Civil Servant. By his Daughter, CONSTANCE HILL. 1 vol. demy 8vo. with Portraits, 16s. [Just ready.]

The PRIVATE LIFE of NAPOLEON. From the French of ARTHUR LÉVY, by STEPHEN LOUIS SIMEON, Translator of "The Youth of Frederick the Great" &c. 2 vols. demy 8vo. 28s. [Just ready.]

The CONVERSATIONS of JAMES NORTHCOTE, R.A. Recorded by WILLIAM HAZLITT. A New Edition, edited, with an Essay on Hazlitt and a Note on Northcote, by EDMUND GOSSE. 1 vol. crown 8vo. 6s. [Just ready.]

WOMEN of LETTERS, including Memoirs of Lady Morgan, the Misses Berry, Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, Lady Ann Barnard, Sarah Countess Cowper, Mrs. Opie, and Lady Duff Gordon. By GERTRUDE TOWNSHEND MAYER. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 21s. [Just ready.]

MEMOIRS of the COURT and FAMILY of NAPOLEON. By Madame JUNOT (Duchesse D'ABRANTES). With Reproductions of Portraits of the entire Bonaparte Family. A New and Revised Edition. 4 vols. crown 8vo. 36s.

A HISTORY of ENGLISH DRESS—Saxon, Plantagenet, Tudor, Stuart, and Modern. By GEORGIANA HILL. 2 vols. demy 8vo. with numerous Illustrations on Steel, 30s.

The TWELFTH DUKE of SOMERSET, K.G.—The LETTERS and MEMOIRS of EDWARD ADOLPHUS SEYMOUR. Edited and Arranged by Lady GUENDOLEN RAMSDEN and W. H. MALLOCK, Author of "In an Enchanted Island" &c. 1 vol. demy 8vo. 16s.

DIANA TEMPEST. By MARY CHOLMONDELEY, Author of "The Danvers Jewels," "Sir Charles Danvers," &c. Second Edition. 3 vols. crown 8vo.

The SWING of the PENDULUM. By FRANCES MARY PEARD, Author of "The Baroness" &c. 2 vols. crown 8vo.

The VICAR of LANGTHWAITE. By LILY WATSON. 3 vols. crown 8vo.

MOLLY and her MAN-O'-WAR. By Dr. ARABELLA KENEALY, Author of "Dr. Janet of Harley Street." 1 vol. crown 8vo. 6s.

BRITOMART. By Mrs. HERBERT MARTIN, Author of "Bonnie Lesley" &c. 3 vols. crown 8vo.

SPEEDWELL. By Lady GUENDOLEN RAMSDEN. 1 vol. crown 8vo.

The GREATER GLORY. By MAARTEN MAARTENS, Author of "An Old Maid's Love," &c. 3 vols. crown 8vo. [Just ready.]

NEW ADDITIONS TO "BENTLEY'S FAVOURITE NOVELS."

"GOD'S FOOL." By MAARTEN MAARTENS, Author of "An Old Maid's Love" &c. 1 vol. crown 8vo. 6s.	LOVER OR FRIEND? By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories" &c. 1 vol. crown 8vo. 6s.	FROM MOOR ISLES. By JESSIE FOSTERGILL, Author of "The First Violin" &c. 1 vol. crown 8vo. 6s.
---	---	---

"Mrs. Wood has certainly an art of novel-writing which no rival possesses in the same degree or kind. It is not, we fancy, a common experience for any one to leave one of these novels unfinished."—*Spectator*.

Between One and Two Million Copies of

MRS. HENRY WOOD'S NOVELS

have been sold since publication.

Each Novel of this favourite Author can be had separately, well printed on good paper and neatly bound, price 3s. 6d.

EAST LYNNE (Two Hundred and Eightieth Thousand).

THE CHANNINGS.
MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES.
THE SHADOW OF ASHLIDYAT.
LORD OAKBURN'S DAUGHTERS.
VERNER'S PRIDE.
ROLAND YORKE.
JOHNNY LUDLOW. (First Series.)
MILDRED ARKELL.
ST. MARTIN'S EVE.
TREVLYN HOLD.
THE RED COURT FARM.
GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.
WITHIN THE MAZE.
ELSTER'S FOLLY.
LADY ADELAIDE.
OSWALD CRAY.
JOHNNY LUDLOW. (Second Series.)

ANNE HEREFORD.
DENE HOLLOW.
EDINA.
A LIFE'S SECRET.
COURT NEITHERLEIGH.
LADY GRACE.
BESSY RANE.
PARKWATER.
THE UNHOLY WISH, THE FOGGY NIGHT
AT OFFORD, &c.
JOHNNY LUDLOW. (Third Series.)
THE MASTER OF GREYLANDS.
ORVILLE COLLEGE.
POMEROY ABBEY.
JOHNNY LUDLOW. (Fourth Series.)
ADAM GRAINGER.
JOHNNY LUDLOW. (Fifth Series.)

LONDON: RICHARD BENTLEY & SON, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,
PUBLISHERS IN ORDINARY TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

Printed by SPOTTISWOODE & CO., at No. 5 New-street Square, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London, and Published by ALFRED CUTHBERT DAVIES, at the Office, No. 38 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of London.—Saturday, January 13, 1894.